

The Bookman

"Read not books alone, but men."

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Notes at Random

The Disarmament Crisis—A Plan for Peace— Christianity and Economics—Historians

by HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

Mr. Vernon Bartlett's broadcast, on the night when Germany announced her intention of withdrawing from the Disarmament Conference and the League of Nations, was not unimportant. It might even be said to have created a minor sensation. Certainly it has raised questions which will have to be answered in the near future.

Most obviously comes the query as to how far the B.B.C. can allow any comment on foreign affairs which is not officially endorsed by the Foreign Office—how far, that is, Broadcasting House is in all essential matters merely a Government department. It cannot be disputed that Mr. Bartlett's magnificent plea for sympathy and sanity in our attitude to Germany might be interpreted in that country far otherwise than it was either intended or understood here. To that extent Sir John Simon's official counter-broadcast on the following evening was probably necessary. But in England there was in many quarters a feeling of surprised relief that, in a moment of crisis, the voice of the people could so be heard. For it is true to say, I think, that most of us are not particularly interested in the explanations of the Foreign Office. We have watched its marked success during the last two years in bringing us to the verge of war and, since there seems no way of checking its nonchalant progress in this direction, we are becoming resigned. But there is no need to talk about it. On the other hand, to be allowed to hear an extremely well-informed and liberal-minded man pleading with passionate sincerity, on behalf of a great body of his countrymen, for the exercise of common

sense, was an occurrence as welcome as it was unexpected. In these notes last month I suggested that the duty of the B.B.C. was to make democracy a reality. Mr. Bartlett's speech is an example of what I meant.



Mr. Vernon Bartlett.
From a drawing by Peggy Smith.

The Chaos of Political Creeds

There is however another question raised—or rather emphasised—by the broadcast. Mr. Bartlett is liberal in his sympathies, and he has from time to time earned thereby the disapprobation of the unimaginative. For some years the liberals (of all parties) have been pro-German in sympathy, regretting the Treaty of Versailles, advocating a just and generous treatment of the defeated nations, deeply suspicious of French diplomacy and Polish militarism, and striving towards a sane internationalism. The Unimaginatives (of all parties), thinking in terms of a later-nineteenth-century adolescent mentality, have been obsessed by a fear of Germany—many still talk of "Boches" and "Huns"—and continue to look to pre-War diplomacy

and accumulated armaments to guarantee "national security."

Hitler changed all that. The Nazi atrocities united the liberals and the Unimaginatives in a storm of protest. For the first wild weeks in the spring, the devotees of the *Daily Worker* agreed with the readers of the *Morning Post*. Socialist indignation against the Hitler reign of terror found no more sincere spokesman than Sir Austen Chamberlain. The Unimaginatives saw in this recrudescence of savagery the justification of all

they had believed. The liberals, watching with horrified impotence the murder of the liberal spirit in Germany, forgot that Hitler was the logical answer they had foreseen to the Treaty of Versailles.

When the first fever from the shock had passed, the unnatural allies began to sort themselves out. The new division between them became initially one of attitude, not one of national policy. The specific problem of the treatment of Germany was lost in the larger issue of liberal internationalism or reactionary nationalism. The Unimaginatives found that Hitler's nationalistic excursions were not altogether so alien to their own convictions as they had at first thought—for, after all, internationally minded people who desired peace were in reality their enemies no less than his. (There was a difference of course; this is England; and in England one does not put Viscount Cecil and Sir Norman Angell, for instance, in concentration camps; but that does not affect the principle of the thing.) So the Unimaginatives became—through their less imaginative press—pro-Hitler.

The liberals, on the other hand, forgetting what had produced Hitler, remembered only what Hitler had produced and remained unbendingly anti-

Then came the third change. The question of our attitude to Germany reasserted itself. The liberals had drawn a distinction (inevitably I think) between the Germany of Bruening and the Germany of Goering; what they were willing to concede to the former they wished to withhold from the latter, but gradually it dawned on them that the Unimaginatives had never been willing to concede anything even to Bruening, and that now, even if they had turned pro-Hitler, they were still anti-German. It became clear to the liberals, in fact, that they must accept the Nazis as a *fait accompli*, and while reserving their philosophic loyalties on the larger issue, must subordinate them for the moment to the exigencies of practical politics. The need of the moment was to counter the menace of Germany, not by removing her armaments or by increasing ours, but by removing her inferiority complex and restoring her self-respect. As between the liberals and the Unimaginatives, the *status quo* was restored.

Thus it was not so odd as it seemed that the liberal Mr. Bartlett should deliver a pro-German speech, and be objected to by those elements in England which have the most sympathy for Fascism.

The Paradox of Fascism

Nowhere is the prevalent chaos in political creeds better exemplified than in the present attitude to Fascism in England. The Communist point of view that Fascism is the final manifestation of Capitalism, having recourse to violence to break a workers' solidarity which has become too strong to permit of exploitation, has been generally adopted. Certainly it is true that the great capitalists (especially in Germany) have financed Fascism, and that therefore some sympathetic connection may be presumed between the two. Yet having

lately been in conversation with several Fascists in an endeavour to understand something I greatly dislike, I have been impressed by the fact that, though this may be the effect of the movement, it is certainly not the cause for which people join it. The driving force of recruitment seems to be a hatred of the present capitalist system and a determination to get rid of it far more speedily than any left-wing Socialism, even in optimistic moments, ever imagined possible.

The Socialists themselves, realising this, point out that such promises are merely traps for the unwary; that the Nazi movement, which has so drastically crushed the enemies of capitalism in Germany, gained its recruits in the same way; and that in Italy, after ten years' uninterrupted possibility of experiment, only one (the Theatre) of

the vaunted "Corporations" has actually been set up in practice—so that the economic system has not changed; also that since 1929 wages have fallen steadily every year, and that to-day there is a higher percentage of unemployed in Italy than in England.

Consequently we have the extraordinary spectacle of the extreme Right coquetting with Fascism, under the impression that it may save the existing structure of society, and the extreme Left standing forth as champion of democracy and parliamentary government—a strange reversal of the accredited rôles of Left and Right! At the same time, we see young men joining the Fascists on the specific ground that Socialism will not overthrow Capitalism quickly enough to satisfy them, while other young men are driven into the Socialist ranks because they fear a Fascist pogrom on behalf of Capitalism.

Neither side quite knows what to make of it, and it is significant that no English newspaper—Right, Left or Centre—gave the prominence it deserved to Goebel's pronouncement that in Germany capitalism,

THE EDITOR ALSO RECOMMENDS

A NOVEL

"Trumpeter, Sound!" By D. L. Murray. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

(See review in these columns.)

AFFAIRS

"Christianity and Economics. By A. D. Lindsay. 5s. (Macmillan.)

(See review in these columns.)

LITERARY CRITICISM

"William Blake." By J. Middleton Murry. 10s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

An illuminating study, somewhat turgid and repetitive in parts, but by far the best piece of criticism which Mr. Murry has yet produced.

ESSAYS

"Past Masters and Other Papers." By Thomas Mann. 7s. 6d. (Martin Secker.)

A collection of criticisms by the foremost German writer of to-day, of which the two best are those on Wagner and on the position of Freud.

THEATRE

"Back-Stage." By Philip Godfrey. Illustrated by Pearl Binder. 10s. 6d. (Harrap.)

An informal account of the stage, entertainingly written, by one who has had first-hand experience of it in several capacities.

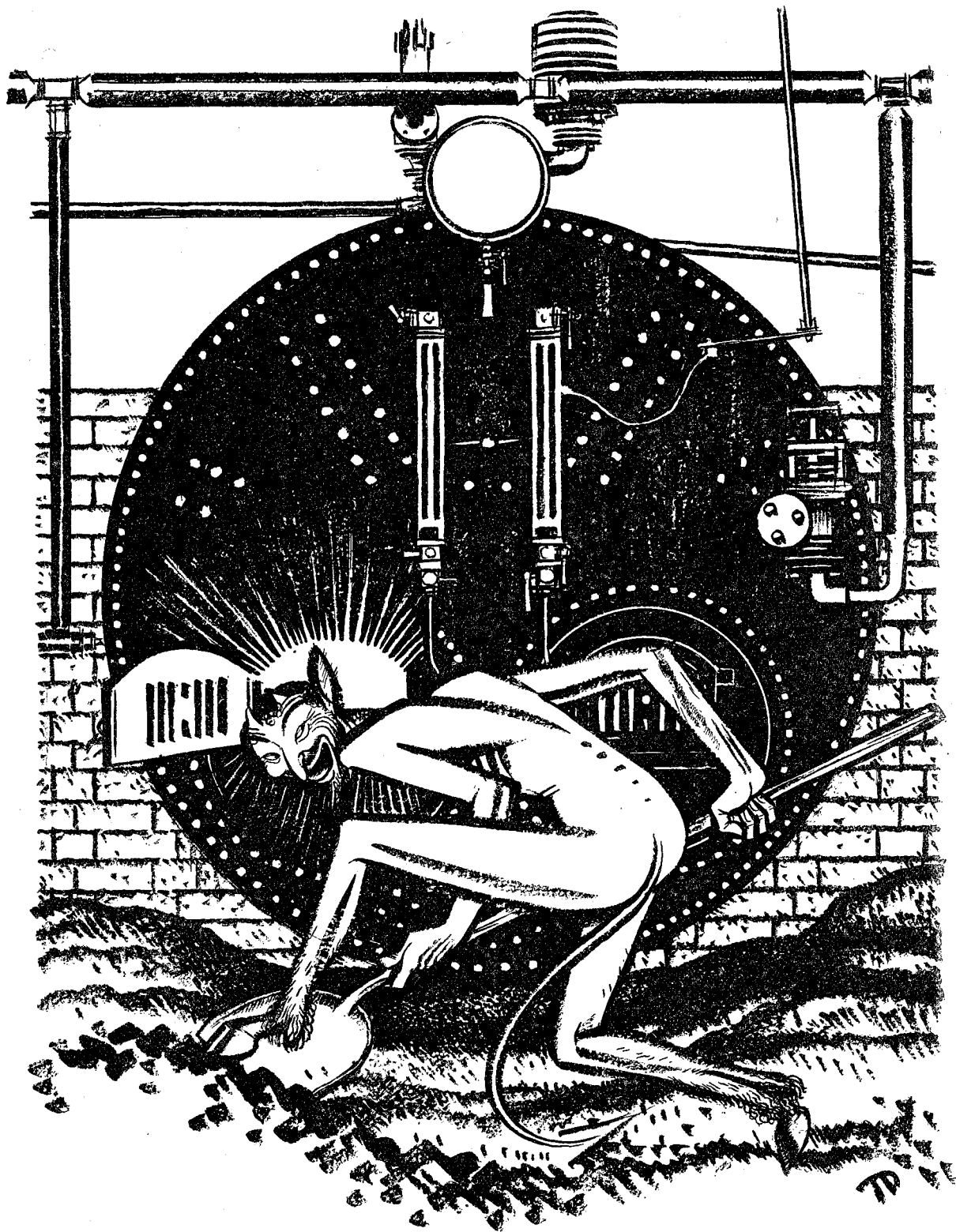
HISTORY

"Marlborough." By Winston S. Churchill. 25s. (Harrap.)

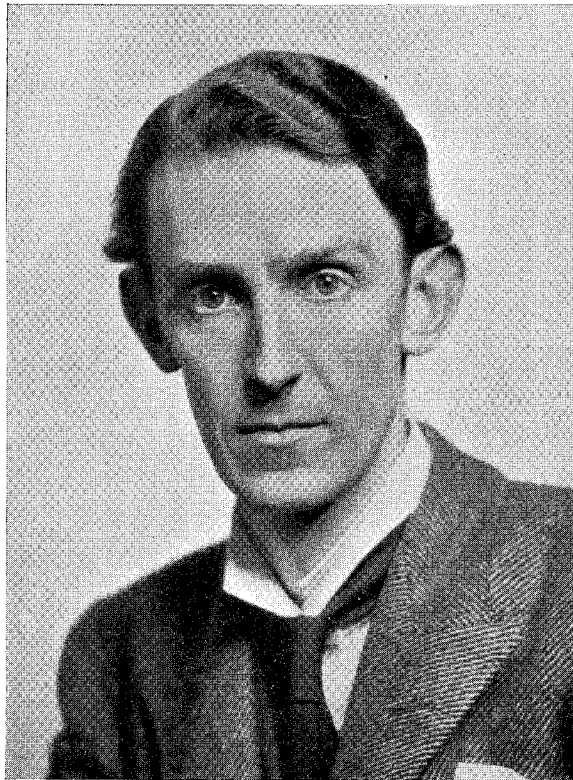
A work of piety which will supplement, but not supplant, Trevelyan's picture of Marlborough.

THIS MACHINE AGE .

By Thomas Derrick



DIABOLUS IN MACHINA



Lord Allen of Hurtwood.
Portrait by Walter Scott, Bradford.

"that nineteenth century sickness," has been finally destroyed! At such a moment, it seems to me, the necessity for individualism, for the exercise of the right of private judgment, for the definite refusal (whatever the intellectual effort involved) to think in terms of labels, is paramount.

A Plan for Peace

And the object of thought and endeavour should surely be that which is exercising the minds of even the most superficial—peace. The first necessity is to propound and to support some plan which shall be both possible and efficacious. This is not as easy as it seems. The most vehement supporters of a peace policy are usually either extreme Socialists or conscientious objectors—men, that is to say, obsessed with a political or a moral ideal. The one, sincerely believing that peace is impossible in a capitalist world, naturally concentrate their efforts on achieving a world-state of the future in which peace shall be a reality, and are apt to take for granted the inevitability of another capitalist war—even in some cases to welcome it as the necessary prelude to the pacific millennium. The others, deprecating the use of any force whatever, seem content to preserve their own integrity in a world-disaster, and refuse to assist in the establishment of even an international police force.

While recognising the sincerity and idealism of both views, it must yet be said that, in the present crisis, neither is of the slightest use. One might go further and point out that it is largely due to their policy of splendid isolation that war-mongering and re-armament views are gaining ground. The ordinary man, interested neither in the ultimate triumph of socialistic principles nor in the ethical dilemma involved by a professing Christian piloting a bomber, does most desperately desire peace and, seeing no constructive

programme provided by pacifists, begins to think that there may be something after all in the militarists' assumption that "the best way to preserve peace is to prepare for war." (That this has been disproved by every war for the last two thousand years does not usually occur to him. It is enough that it is a positive programme with a certain amount of specious plausibility to recommend it to the thoughtless.)

Yet a very simple and practical programme for peace has been offered by Lord Allen. Without going into it in detail here, it may be well to emphasise its main points. It is based on the belief that the prime necessity of the moment is moral leadership, and that a national act of faith in the necessity of international arbitration (as represented by the League and the Kellogg Pact) would have world-wide repercussions in dispelling the fears that are making an armaments race possible. It also takes into account the special case of Germany and realises that it may be necessary to deal with her in a special way. It envisages complete disarmament over a period of ten to twenty years, with the setting-up of *effective* international machinery of arbitration. An aggressor would be quite simply defined as any power which refused to submit to such arbitration, and against her all the economic sanctions could immediately be employed.

Most important of all, the nucleus of an international force is already to hand—aviation. There is nothing to prevent the internationalising of civil aviation. The French have proposed it and the Germans have announced their willingness to accede to it. Once it is accomplished, a great step forward has been taken in the direction of peace. A police force has been established.

Lastly our international obligations should be incorporated in our national law. This simple proposal, if adopted, could hardly fail to have revolutionary results. Although as a nation we have pledged our honour to outlaw war as an instrument of policy, there is nothing to prevent our warmongers inciting the masses, as they are at the moment through the Press and the cinema. If a similar campaign in praise of burglary and banditry were carried on, if a display of skilled cracksmen opening safes were flashed on the screen as often as that of battleships at manœuvres, proceedings would soon be instituted against those responsible for thus corrupting national morals. But is the corruption of international morals finally less dangerous?

Misleading Catchwords

To answer this case with the catchwords "defence" and "patriotism" is completely to beg the question, and to burke the present issue. Oliver Baldwin, in his new and provocative book, "Unborn Son" (10s. 6d.; Grayson) has put this matter of catchwords into one unanswerable paragraph: "Should the Germans desire to rule the English, it is considered imperative that all Englishmen should fight to prevent this happening. This is known as patriotism. But should the English wish to rule the Irish, or the Egyptians or the Indians, and the natives of these countries fight to prevent it happening, it is called sedition. During the War, Masaryk of Austria was hailed by us as a patriot because he strove against his emperor and empire for the freedom

of Czechoslovakia. Roger Casement was called a traitor for striving against his king and empire for the freedom of Ireland. Masaryk was fêted by us. Casement was shot by us. This is all impossible to understand, and I dare not attempt an explanation."

Earlier in the book he has defined what he understands by patriotism: "My object in public life is to see that the vast mass of people in this country get enough to eat, are decently housed, sufficiently clad, have congenial work and access to those forms of recreation and knowledge that they prefer. And that is the 'patriotism' I advocate. For holding these views I am 'unpatriotic,' because I do not consider that materialism, flag worship, tradition and pride of imperial possession should come before those other things."

At this moment, above all, it is well to beware of catchwords.

Christianity and Economics

One of the most important of last month's books is the publication of the Master of Balliol's lectures on "Christianity and Economics" (5s.; Macmillan), which were originally delivered in 1930 and given again, in a slightly different form, in America last year. In the course of five lectures, Dr. Lindsay provides a sketch of the historical background and theory of the present system, undertakes a penetrating analysis of it, in which he contrives to present its reality without recourse to the usual clichés; holds the balance even between the supporters and opponents of capitalism, and triumphantly makes his case for the paramount importance of Christianity in economic relations. Of "the characteristic evils of a predominatingly economic civilisation, I have argued that they depend upon the perversion of means into ends, that secondary human relations tend to seem more important than primary; that the world of secondary human relations becomes a world of second-hand values; that we become so absorbed in activities in which we are treating men as means or instruments, that we forget what is necessary—to treat men as ends; and all this tendency is magnified and strengthened by the fact that in modern industry the organising and managing of men, as one among other instruments of production, is of fundamental importance. All this perversion has produced a profound division of sympathy and outlook in modern society, often attended with bitterness and almost always with misunderstanding." The part which Christian ethics must play is at once apparent—the restoration of the primary values. And this, applied individually, would revolutionise the system itself.

Particularly welcome is Dr. Lindsay's defence of Puritanism, and his rebuttal of the vocal neo-Catholic school of historians who continually pretend that the growth of competitive capitalism is in some mystical way the outcome of the Reformation and the failure of the "mediaeval synthesis." "We are accustomed nowadays," he writes, "to deride what we call the inhibitions of Puritanism, largely because we can hardly understand that

people ever really tried to act on the principle of St. Paul's words: 'Whether therefore ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' In our demands and wants we have capitulated to the pressures of the economic system which we have installed. Puritanism had perhaps too narrow a view of God, and therefore too narrow a range of values, but Puritanism was entirely right in believing that our religion *must* show itself in the way we manage and care for ordinary things." Far from it being true that the Puritans were the instigators of the evils of capitalism, it was the *failure* of the Puritans to maintain their revolt against materialistic mediaevalism that gave birth to the unlovely system of modern days.

Mr. Belloc's "Charles I"

The best known and the most prolific of the historians who are engaged in rewriting history in order to make it conform to the Catholic thesis is, of course, Mr. Hilaire Belloc. Also he is by far the cleverest. It is very difficult, in any criticism which would interest the general reader, to suggest the extent of his errors. I once broached to a fellow-historian the project of writing an article on "Mr. Belloc as Historian." "But," he said, "it would take an entire number of the Christmas BOOKMAN at the very least." That is the trouble. Every book of Mr. Belloc's really needs a counter-book to explain what really happened. Mr. Belloc notes, for instance, what phase of the moon occurred on a particular night, or the exact height of his characters, or the purchasing power of a penny to an agricultural labourer at the period of which he is writing, and by so doing creates the impression of wide learning and meticulous accuracy. Having thus lulled his reader into a sense of security, he proceeds, by subtle shiftings of emphasis, by the well-known methods of *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*, to give a picture of his period which can only be described as a masterpiece of distortion.

Having myself just emerged from some months of study of the documents of the reign of Charles I, I can only say that Mr. Belloc's "Charles I" has left me gasping with astonishment that he should dare to do it.



Oliver Baldwin.
Pictorial Press and Agency.



Hilaire Belloc.

A caricature by Raphael Nelson.

Were it sufficiently interesting I would particularise (his account of the famous third parliament and the Petition of Right, for instance, is merely laughable), but I feel that the general reader would be wearied by an historical disquisition, and to the historian anyhow Mr. Belloc is a genial joke, hardly intended to be taken seriously.

Battles Long Ago

Mr. D. L. Murray's "Trumpeter, Sound!" (7s. 6d.; Hodder & Stoughton) is a novel which one almost expected from him. In "London-a-Dreams" he had written like a lover of the great "Dickens of a place," and confessed that he did not despair "of finding some time, in the street between Old St. Paul's and the echo of Westminster Bridge, that 'dim shop, low in the roof and smelling strongly of glue and footlights,' where Stevenson stood 'in quaking treaty with great Skelt himself, the aboriginal, all dusty from the tomb,' and came out with every pocket bulging with dreams." One catches there the hint of the theatre-lover, which one would guess even if one did not know his essays on the theatre—"To-morrow's Theatre," "The Scene-Shifters" and (best of all) "A Survey of the Ballet." His interest in Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea" was not exactly a secret either. And in "Trumpeter, Sound!" his interests are fused to make a magnificent novel, wherein the theatre and the London of Dickens and the struggle in the Crimea are all made splendidly alive. It is the

apologia of an enthusiast, who is also a good enough artist not to disdain the plot of a fairy tale. But then one might have guessed that too—for in his Dickensian London he found "external meanness, secret splendour—it is after all the essence of the fairy tale. Cinderella's godmother came begging in rags to the kitchen door and asked for a pumpkin and mice. Ali Baba's cave opens to a plain marketing order, if only you can remember it."

But the descriptions of the fighting in the Crimea are essentially his own, and they will surely survive as models of narrative prose of this type.

Some "Bookman" Contributors

Mr. Basil Maine has written a Life of Chopin for Messrs. Duckworth's series of "Great Lives."

Mr. Beresford Chancellor has completed a new book on London entitled "Ghosts of Literary London" (Richards Press), in which he deals with the homes and haunts of writers from Chaucer onwards.

Mr. E. A. Crutchley and the late General C. P. Fendall have edited a book that should be of particular interest to "Janeites"—"The Diary of Benjamin Newton: 1816-1818," which the Cambridge University Press is publishing this month. Its pages abound with characters and incidents such as she delighted to portray. The scene is mostly laid in Yorkshire, where Newton lived the life of a busy country rector, magistrate, sportsman and indefatigable host.

Francis Watson's new novel, "Wonder Malady," was published on October 30th by Lovat Dickson. The title (which refers to love) is taken from a famous Chaucerian phrase.

Contributors to the Christmas Number will include Hugh Walpole, Osbert Burdett, Vernon Bartlett, Oliver Baldwin. The volume will provide a comprehensive survey of the year.



D. L. Murray.

MACHINERY AND LABOUR: Through Leisure to Employment

By Hartley Withers

"IN the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

This sentence in the curse of Adam condemned man to get his living by manual work. Machinery has to a great extent relieved us from the punishment inflicted on our erring ancestor, and holds out a promise to mankind that its needs will in future be provided by that obliging slave, the machine. In the meantime, the progress of the system by which manual labour is set free is providing, instead of the plenty for all that will be its result when it has been properly worked out, the terribly serious problem involved by the displacement of labour.

This problem of course is no new thing. Disturbance in social relations, owing to the progress of mechanisation, has left its mark in the pages of history more than a hundred years ago. "One of the earliest results of the introduction of machinery," says J. R. Green in his "Short History of the English People," "was the ruin of a number of small trades which were carried on at home, and the pauperisation of families who relied on them for support. In the winter of 1811 the terrible pressure of this transition from handicraft to machinery was seen in the Luddite, or machine-breaking, riots which broke out over the northern and midland counties; and which were only suppressed by military force."

That was at the beginning of the century in which machinery worked so well for England and the rest of the world that at the end of it, in spite of an enormous increase in population, all classes of the British community were, according to Sir Josiah Stamp's well known calculation, just about four times as well off, in actual command of commodities and comforts, as their forbears had been when it began. Increased consumption by a larger population with a rapidly raised standard of living, had put machinery to its right use, and made it a useful servant, instead of a monster to be destroyed by force by those whom it was reducing to destitution. Surely it is possible that history, if quarrelling politicians and economic nationalism will cease from strangling production and obstructing the distribution of wealth, may easily repeat the triumphs of the nineteenth century on a greatly extended scale, leaving out the ugly blots on its economic record, without condemning a large part of the population in enforced and permanent idleness.

Certain gloomy prophets emphatically answer "No" to this suggestion, and show some amazingly striking reasons for their conviction. In their view, the advance made by mechanisation has been so tremendous in the War and after-War period, that an immense number of unemployed is now an inevitable feature in our economic life. The most startling examples come from America. We are told that a farmer there, using modern machinery, can now do in one hour what took him three thousand hours to do a hundred years ago. In manufacturing industry even more amazing results are recorded—a rayon plant has lately been set up in New Jersey which runs twenty-four hours a day without any human aid. Pig iron that used a hundred years ago to be produced at the rate of twenty-five

tons per man per year, can now be produced at the rate of 4,000 tons per man per year; and so on; till the conclusion is reached that "barely half the present army of unemployed, now calculated to embrace a quarter of the entire working population, would be reabsorbed in industry even if factories resumed their peak production of 1929."

Such statements are certainly startling. But there are one or two things to be considered before we accept them as a reason for supposing that unemployment on a huge scale is inevitable for all time. The high peak of 1929 did not by any means represent the best that was, or could be, wanted from productive capacity. Even in the United States, though the general level of prosperity was higher than had ever been seen in the world, there were some ugly gaps in it; farming and textiles were far from sharing in the general wealth, and a good deal had still to be done before every citizen of America was as well fed and clothed and housed as he or she would like to be. And in other parts of the world, the mass and number of unsatisfied wants was immense. Given the conditions that prevailed in the greater part of the nineteenth century—peace, comparatively free trade, and a wide open international capital market—we have yet to see what expanding consumption can do to absorb an immensely greater volume of production. Moreover, mechanisation only affects articles that can be turned out in mass. As these are provided more cheaply by machinery, we shall have all the more to spend on hand-made articles, and the craftsman may come into his own again. Our clothes and furniture, instead of being turned out by the yard by machinery, will be made to fit our bodies and our tastes. And another thing that has to be remembered is that fast as machinery turns out goods, still faster does the need grow to distribute them and set them out before the buyer, which is a matter that cannot be left to a machine. And finally, as the machine releases men from long hours of toil and gives them more leisure, they will have more needs to satisfy. When one is at work one spends little or nothing; it is in leisure hours that we spend, and the more we have of them the more we shall be calling on our fellows to furnish us with goods and services.

When we consider how immense is the possible demand involved in the unsatisfied wants of the great majority, it seems extraordinary that we should regard the machine, which only wants to be set to work to satisfy these demands, as a dangerous enemy that is likely to wreck the world's economic arrangements. It is certainly true that mechanisation has introduced changes into the economic structure that will need statesmanlike handling during the process of readjustment. But the most momentous change that it has brought is the fact that the world's problem is no longer one of scarcity, but of the distribution of a plentiful supply of the things that mankind needs. Any individual, faced by this problem of plenty, would joyfully set about consuming it. Is mankind, or the several nations that compose it, too stupid to do likewise?

Foreign Affairs

EUROPEAN POLITICS IN THE SUCCESSION STATES

By Alan M. Wells

THE strangest thing to a Western European, in the politics of the Succession States, is the political atmosphere. It is most easily recognised by saying that, if it were possible to stand upon a high place in the centre of Europe, from which the whole could be seen, it would be impossible to pick out one country to the south and east in which the idea that a government can be both stable and just has not, for at least the last eighty years, been a complete stranger to the minds of the population. Their whole background is one of tyranny opposed by intrigue, which upon success takes usually the quickest means to turn itself into a further tyranny.

Not of course that liberal ideas have not had their adherents even among Balkan statesmen, and sincere adherents at that. The majority however, having heard these same liberal catchwords used by tyrants for their own purposes, still feels an overriding distrust when confronted with them, and a reluctance to rely upon the operation of liberal principles to secure the objects which it regards as essential for its welfare. If the regime is threatened, people tend to think of suppression before conciliation; and conversely, if they dislike a policy, they are immediately tempted to oppose it by conspiracy rather than by constitutional means. The two former alternatives have, in their experience, hitherto been successful, and these alone. What wonder if, in times of stress, they turn to these more readily than we do, in countries where the population has had time to learn the value of the fruits of liberalism.

This must not, of course, be read as applying to anything more than the atmosphere in which politics, in the Succession States, functions. Nor, still more, should it be held to discredit those statesmen who have built up these states from the post-War misery and chaos to their present at least relatively prosperous condition. On the contrary, the steadfastness with which statesmen like Dr. Benes and President Masaryk have adhered in spite of great difficulties to their liberal professions, is all the more heroic in the face of such a tradition. The treatment of minorities and the purity of elections, for instance, though they have not been perfect, have been far more nearly so than anything that those countries have previously known. The continuance of improvement is the one hope of the eventual stabilisation of these countries.

Nevertheless a good deal of the old spirit remains, especially among the rank and file, and offers a chance to any group which wishes to create trouble. The nature of these groups in internal politics is familiar enough. Irridentist minorities, vested interests, defeated factions and foreign commercial interests all take a hand in making things difficult for the government, or bending it to their incautious wills. In the present situation we are concerned principally with similar influence on the part of foreign powers, and it will help us to understand the position if we examine the policies of the great Powers with the question in our minds of

whether their policies make for stability and liberalism, or for disruption and tyranny in this region of Europe.

To take Germany first, since it is her internal and external policies which have precipitated the present crisis, her interests are obviously at present all counter to a regime of liberalism and to stability. She desires, in the first place, to include Austria within her own very illiberal Reich; and not Austria alone, but in addition all those German-speaking portions of Czechoslovakia which could be claimed either for Austria or herself. She has a double motive for this attitude to Czechoslovakia, since the latter is also the ally of France. She would also not be averse from acquiring influence with which to counter that of France in Hungary and other Succession States, and has already in the past made many overtures and proffered economic concessions with this end in view. She has done her best to overthrow the present regime in Austria, and is carrying on subversive propaganda in Czechoslovakia and to some extent in other countries. So far she has been defeated by the firm measures of the Czech government, which is also reaping some of the benefits of a liberal policy in the past, and by the adroit organisation and publicity work of Dr. Dolfuss, but the latter's position is still extremely precarious. Ultimately the chief restraint upon the activities of Hitlerist Germany is the possibility of intervention by Italy on the Tyrolese frontier, and by France. There have been circumstantial reports lately that Italy is speeding up the completion of roads in the Tyrol, which have the greatest military significance in this connection.

Italy herself has interests in Central Europe which render her position somewhat ambiguous. At the break-up of the Austrian Empire she acquired territory to which her claims were more than doubtful on any ground. Many of them can be, and are likely at any favourable opportunity to be claimed by other of the Succession States in the name both of ethnological justice and of economic or strategic expediency. Her interests are therefore to that extent against a strong and stable regime in Central Europe, which might afford the opportunity for which these states are assumed to be waiting; and since the strongest and most stable so far established are under the patronage of her rival, France, she has a double motive for resisting stabilisation on the present basis. On the other hand she is deeply alarmed by the German visions of Empire. ("We have not destroyed a strong Austrian Empire in order to have a strong German Empire on our borders.") On the whole her policy would seem to be to strengthen the governments of Austria and Hungary as independent powers, and to attach them to her own train rather than that of either France, Germany or the Little Entente. Her present benevolence towards the whole group of the Succession States is not a permanent element in her policy, and would probably be much diminished were the fear of Germany to be removed. Her economic plan for the Danube states emphasises

bilateral agreements rather than the collective agreements and solidarity of policy evolved by the Little Entente, and this may be taken as a symbol of her preference for a balance of power rather than permanent stability in this region.

The chief external force making for stability is the influence of France. Obviously it would be to her interest to have there a solid *bloc* of states which would resist any increase of power on the part of either Germany or Italy. She has worked hard to achieve it, and by benevolent patronage of the Little Entente, and alternate patronage and bullying in the case of Austria, has almost succeeded. She has also had a good deal of rather passive assistance from Great Britain. The Little Entente is now pretty firmly established, and forms, since the promulgation of the new agreements, almost one loosely federalised state.

The weakest spot of course is Austria. There is a considerable party in Austria in favour of the German scheme, and it is doubtful whether, at least before the advent of Herr Hitler, it was not a majority. She is often represented as one of the weak members of society whose misfortune it is that their interests do not concern themselves alone. They are prevented from taking the

step which would most benefit themselves, it is said, by the influence of more powerful neighbours.

Were it only a question of powerful individuals coercing a weaker, the injustice would be clear enough, and this is the impression it is sought by such analogies to convey. But the analogies do not hold. This is not a case of the interest of the strong against that of the weak, but of the interest of many millions of people against those of a few, for there can be no question that the interests of all the inhabitants of Europe would be endangered by an Anschluss in present circumstances. In addition therefore to the fact that the party in favour of the Anschluss in Austria has diminished in the last months, there are the interests of all Europe to be considered. Should the Anschluss now take place, the chauvinistic temper of Germany would hardly be diminished at once, but rather encouraged, and her power much increased. The danger which undoubtedly already exists would be much greater.

It would appear therefore to be well for Great Britain to throw her weight into the maintenance of the present position in this respect until a measure of calm is restored. Then will be the time to make concessions both to Germany and to Austria, separately or together. At present it is Austria alone which is in a condition of fitness to be helped.

RUDOLF STEINER AND ANTHROPOSOPHY

By Charles Davy

ANTHROPOSOPHY—the word is strange to most people. Many who have heard of it vaguely are not sure what it is all about. A movement of some kind; performances at the Rudolf Steiner Hall in London? Did it start in Germany? Who was Rudolf Steiner?

The other name of Anthroposophy is “spiritual science.” Rudolf Steiner, trained in mathematics and philosophy, editor of Goethe and friend of Ernst Hæckel, was also a mystic who believed that psychic powers could be used with scientific precision. More, he believed that they must be so used if we are to avoid the two great opposite dangers that threaten civilised progress—the danger (so often inveighed against by D. H. Lawrence) of sacrificing the freshness of human feeling to the demands of mechanical efficiency, and the danger of denying these demands altogether and escaping into a private world of neurotic religiosity or sterile aestheticism.

Rudolf Steiner was born in 1861 at Kraljevic in Austria, the son of a railway official. He passed through the Technical University of Vienna, and gradually acquired a considerable reputation as a writer and lecturer on philosophical subjects. For a number of years he worked at the Goethe and Schiller Archives at Weimar, afterwards editing a literary weekly and lecturing at the Karl Liebknecht Socialist Working Men's College in Berlin. Throughout this period, however, he had been privately associated with an occult order, and had given a rigorous training to the psychic gifts which he had been aware of in himself since childhood. In 1894 he published his “Philosophy of Spiritual Activity,” in which he sought to show how strict intellectual thinking could itself lead towards spiritual experience; and with the turn

of the century he came forward publicly as an exponent of occult knowledge.

Psychic gifts to-day are put to so many debased uses that it is difficult to value them correctly. Rudolf Steiner's particular desire was to free occult studies from their purely Eastern affiliations on the one hand and from emotional sensationalism on the other. He insisted that the knowledge he claimed was open equally to all persons who could and would acquire the necessary perceptive faculties, and that the only occultism of value to the modern Western world must be quite different from the occultism taught in ancient mystery schools before the rise of Christianity.

He placed the highest value on this ancient wisdom, but he believed that in our present age, which imposes on man the prime duty of accepting responsibility for his own soul, occultism must take the form of a spiritual science—a science to be studied by free individuals and governed as fully as any other science by an impartial desire for truth and a concern for the total welfare of humanity.

It was largely the Eastern bias of the Theosophical Society that decided Rudolf Steiner to leave it after acting for a time as its leader in Germany. In 1912 the Anthroposophical Society was provisionally founded, and under his guidance its activities were soon spreading into many countries. As a bald summary, one could say that from his work, and from the suggestions he gave to his pupils during the next thirteen years, there arose new proposals for education, for agriculture, for medicine; new styles for architecture, painting and dramatic performance; new methods of biological and chemical research; a new attitude towards the facts of history and the organisation of society. But

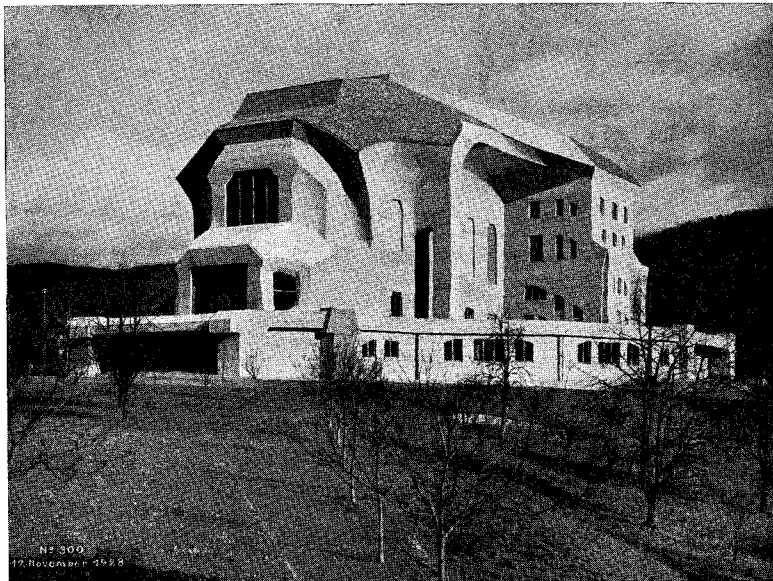
he laid down no clear-cut dogmatic system. In effect he said to his followers: "I have looked into the worlds of spiritual energy, and these are the ideas I have found. Go and try them out in practice."

Gradually these trials are making headway, with the Goetheanum at Dornach in Switzerland as their international centre. The Anthroposophical Society in Great Britain has head-quarters in London at 35, Park Road, N.W.1; near by are a medical clinic and a wood-working factory; at Streatham Hill the New School belongs to the movement; and near Birmingham and at Manchester there are curative education homes, where remarkable results are achieved with defective children, even sometimes with so-called "mongol" children, usually considered incurable. On the Continent about one thousand farms are run on anthroposophical lines; in Great Britain at present only a few farmers and a number of gardeners and orchard-owners have taken up this new technique, but a research bureau has been established at Birmingham, and Rudolf Steiner's conception of the earth as a living organism, and in particular his warnings against dosing the soil constantly with mineral fertilisers, seem to be slowly attracting notice.

But it would be quite wrong to think of Anthroposophy as a search simply for new technical methods. A distinctive characteristic of the movement is that it leads outwards into strictly practical activities on the one hand, and on the other hand leads inwards towards a profoundly mystical view of human nature and human evolution. Rudolf Steiner devoted a cycle of lectures

to each of the four Gospels; another cycle to the Apocalypse; another to the Bhagavad Gita and the Epistles of St. Paul; and there are few of his lectures without an intimate bearing on some aspect of Christianity. In a sense, every one of Rudolf Steiner's ideas is a religious idea, for his own experience had shown him in the simplest natural event the unfolding of spiritual purpose.

It is this inner quality of Anthroposophy which enables it to change the lives of those who come into contact with it—or, rather, since in this age all must be done in freedom, to open a way of change which may be followed by free individuals who are bound by no pledge to follow it any farther than they may wish. Spiritual science is thus a work in the world and also a work within the mind and heart. It is a science not easy to acquire solely from



*The Goetheanum at Dornach:
Head-quarters of Anthroposophy.*

books; it should also be experienced through the fellowship of persons.

The movement has a good many difficulties to face; one of them is that in every country it requires to take a slightly different form. Of his sociological book, "The Threefold Commonwealth," related specially to conditions in Central Europe, Rudolf Steiner said that he would like it to be rewritten for England and rewritten again for America. But in 1925, before he had time to do that, he died. The task of his followers is to carry his work forward, treating his ideas not as infallible dogma but as a living body of thought capable of continuous development to meet the needs of evolving earth and evolving man.

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST IN MATURITY

By Francis Watson

"WE have met too late; you are too old to be influenced by me."* So James Joyce spoke to W. B. Yeats, and the remark was more than a witticism. For Joyce, in one sense a greater figure of the Irish Revival than Yeats, has never allowed himself to be directly associated with a national movement, nor to be influenced by an exclusive body of literary practitioners. Nationalism has seemed to him as dangerous to intellectual freedom as religion, and the two forces have parallel importance in his maturity. An exile from Ireland for the greater part of his life, he has never ceased to draw upon Dublin for the background of his work; and the influence of those early Jesuit

* Quoted by Padraic Colum in his article, "With James Joyce in Ireland" (*New York Times*, June 11th, 1922).

teachers, from whom his prototype Stephen Daedalus strove so mightily to free himself, has followed him all his life. Religion has been the field of that titanic struggle between mind and emotion which is mirrored in "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and repeated in "Ulysses." Only a man brought up in a Roman Catholic atmosphere could have written either.

"Ulysses," as is well known, is still on the black list as far as this country is concerned, and this must be my excuse for the disproportionately slight attention paid in this article to Joyce's greatest completed work. The chief difficulty which is raised by the fact that "Ulysses," though so widely discussed, can be read only by a limited public, is this: that many sincere admirers of Joyce's early work have no satisfactory

means of bridging the gap between "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and "Work in Progress." The fragments of the latter which have been published in England (at prices which render them available to a "popular" audience) are difficult reading even for some of those who have mastered "Ulysses." It is scarcely surprising that those who have had no such preparation are inclined to take down "Dubliners" from their shelves, and reread wistfully the *juvenilia* of a genius who seems to give evident signs of having lost his reason. That this is no uncommon view of Joyce's most recent work I know to be true; and I hope therefore that those who oppose any effort to extend Joyce's public by explaining him, may nevertheless see the expediency of attempting an outline of the development which is culminating by a logical sequence in "Work in Progress."

Apart from one pamphlet or possibly two (if we accept "Parnell," of which no copy is known to exist), the first work to appear from Joyce's pen was his volume of thirty-six poems, "Chamber Music" (1907), which is here important first as an indication of his early independence in studying Elizabethan models (anticipating Eliot), rather than the Celtic influences of his Irish compatriots, and secondly for the stress which Joyce has consistently laid on the æsthetic value of rhythm. The stories in "Dubliners" were written before the first publication of "Chamber Music," but the book did not appear until 1914 (in London), after a series of difficulties prolonged by publishers who were afraid of giving offence to their readers. For "Dubliners," eschewing entirely the mock-heroics of the Irish Renaissance, strips bare the timid souls of the bourgeois inhabitants of a city which is Dublin only by its faithful local colour. The tragic economy of spirit upon which Joyce turned the light of his superb irony is to be found elsewhere than in Dublin. It is to be found for instance, as Eliot has shown us, among readers of the *Boston Evening Transcript*. But *Dubliners* did not like it, and their treatment of the book can have done nothing to reconcile Joyce to the boasting, the indecision, the sentimentality and the small contemptible sins which are emphasised again and again in his characterisation.

It is the last story in "Dubliners"—"The Dead"—which gives particular promise of the later Joyce. With that intensely moving power of suggestion which lies behind his most studied realism, the writer here conveys the change in relationship—a change so subtle that neither party expresses it in words, yet so important that we know that for two people nothing will ever be the same again—between a husband and wife after a party at which the mere singing of a song has revealed to the man that the woman was once loved by another. A broadly similar psychological adjustment is the theme of Joyce's one play, the Ibsenesque "Exiles" (New York, 1918), and the closing stage of "Ulysses," in which Bloom returns from his day's Odyssey to his wife, after finding his Telemachus (Stephen), is the supreme and ultimate triumph over the problem of presenting this elusive shifting of emotional attitude. In the hidden fastnesses of the mind the great bow of Ulysses has spoken and the suitors are confounded. It is not surprising to learn that "Ulysses" was originally intended as a short story for "Dubliners," and that only when Joyce's self-projection, Stephen Daedalus,

had become a character in the "Portrait of the Artist" did the idea arise of associating him with Leopold Bloom in a day of Homeric adventure.

"A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," first published in 1916, is probably Joyce's most widely-read book. It is frankly autobiographical, and in his customary manner the author makes little pretence of disguising the names of actual places or people. Padraic Colum, indeed, has said that the long discussion on æsthetics at the end of the book between Stephen Daedalus and his fellow-student Lynch reproduces word for word the conversations of Joyce himself in his student days—a fact which gives additional importance to the few extracts which I have space to make.

Let us consider first the light which this conversation throws upon the "scandal" of "Ulysses." How impossible it would be for Joyce, as a sincere artist, to write a book which was pornographic in any but an arbitrary sense of the word, may be judged from Stephen's exposition of his theory of æsthetic stasis:

"The tragic emotion, in fact, is a face looking two ways, towards error and towards pity, both of which are phases of it. . . . The tragic emotion is static. Or rather the dramatic emotion is. The feelings excited by improper art are kinetic, desire or loathing. Desire urges us to possess, to go to something; loathing urges us to abandon, to go from something. The arts which excite them, pornographical or didactic, are therefore improper arts. The æsthetic emotion (I use the general term) is therefore static. The mind is arrested and raised above desire and loathing. . . . Beauty expressed by the artist cannot awaken in us an emotion which is kinetic or a sensation which is purely physical. It awakens, or ought to awaken, or induces, or ought to induce, an æsthetic stasis, an ideal pity or an ideal terror, prolonged and at last dissolved by what I call the rhythm of beauty."

An attitude which regards pornography as the use of any of a selected number of forbidden words, is clearly absurd. But if a censor were to be appointed to deal with the infringement of artistic canons and the production of vulgar literature, his would be the busiest office in England.

The progress of Stephen through childhood and adolescence, and his successive relationships with his parents, his schoolfellows, his religious teachers and the girl whom he loves but whom we see only through his own mind, must be clearly in the imagination of everyone who has read the "Portrait of the Artist." Without individual comment therefore I select one or two passages which seem to throw a striking light, not only on the great book which was to come, but on Joyce's literary progress in general. The aims and allegiances which he here proclaims through the mouth of Stephen he has never for one moment abandoned:

(1) "In the profane world, as he foresaw, a worldly voice would bid him raise up his father's fallen state by his own labours and, meanwhile, the voice of his school-comrades urged him to be a decent fellow, to shield others from blame or to beg them off and to do his best to get free days for the school. And it was the din of all these hollow-sounding voices that made him halt irresolutely in the pursuit of phantoms. He gave them ear for a time, but he was happy only when he was far from them, beyond their call, alone or in the company of phantasmal comrades."

(2) "He would never swing the thurible before the tabernacle as a priest. His destiny was to be elusive of social or religious orders. The wisdom of the priest's

appeal did not touch him to the quick. He was destined to learn his own wisdom apart from others or to learn the wisdom of others, himself wandering among the snares of the world."

(3) "But yet it wounded him to think that he would never be but a shy guest at the feast of the world's culture, and that the monkish learning in terms of which he was striving to forge out an æsthetic philosophy, was held no higher by the age he lived in than the subtle and curious jargons of heraldry and falconry."

(4) "'This race and this country and this life produced me,' he said. 'I shall express myself as I am.'"

(5) "'Look here, Cranly,' he said. 'You have asked me what I would do and what I would not do. I will tell you what I will do and what I will not do. I will not serve that in which I no longer believe, whether it call itself my home, my fatherland or my church: and I will try to express myself in some mode of life or art as freely as I can and as wholly as I can, using for my defence the only arms I allow myself to use—silence, exile and cunning.'"

(6) "'Alone, quite alone. You have no fear of that. And you know what that word means? Not only to be separate from all others but to have not even one friend.'"

"'I will take the risk,' said Stephen."

(7) (*From Stephen's Diary.*) "Michael Robartes remembers forgotten beauty and, when his arms wrap her round, he presses in his arms the loveliness which has long faded from the world. Not this. Not at all. I desire to press in my arms the loveliness which has not yet come into the world."

(8) (*From the Diary.*) "Amen. So be it. Welcome, o life! I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race."

"Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead."

This "old father, old artificer" is not of course the parent whose fallen state he must raise by his labours, but Stephen's classical namesake, the cunning craftsman Daedalus. And so the book ends, and Joyce himself prepares for the seven years' exile which shall produce "Ulysses."

"Ulysses" appeared in Paris in 1922. Its seven hundred and thirty-five closely printed pages are concerned with some twenty hours of life—from the morning of June 16th, 1904 to the small hours of the following day. In Dublin it is a sufficiently ordinary day. There are a funeral, a birth, meetings in public-houses and in a newspaper office, scenes of love and of anger, conversations on a multitude of subjects. It is simple, that is to say, with the staggering complexity of simple things. To the thought of a moment worlds of experience contribute, worlds too vast for ordinary exploration. Joyce explores them and returns with the astounding trophies of research. Utter sincerity, unwavering devotion to an idea and consummate artistry alone could prevent such a book as this from being hopelessly chaotic. Despite the complaints of more than one fisherman in the teeming shallows of lesser fiction, "Ulysses" is not chaotic. It is bound and controlled first by Joyce's own clear perception of what his book was to be, secondly by his mastery of rhythm, and thirdly by the technical device of symbolism.

Mr. Stuart Gilbert has written a commentary on the book—an excellent commentary prepared with Joyce's permission—about half as long as "Ulysses" itself.* His examination is chiefly directed towards the symbolism of the work, and he has produced a chart in which

* "James Joyce's 'Ulysses.'" By Stuart Gilbert. 1930. (Faber & Faber.)

each chapter not only has its title (an episode from Homer's *Odyssey*), but also its representative organ, art, colour, symbol and "technic" (Dialectic, Gigantism, Cathéchism, etc.). Here it is sufficient to emphasise the fact that Joyce, welding realism with symbolism, has kept in view the whole time the Greek epic from which his title is taken. Two examples of the symbolistic method seen in detail are the opening of the thirteenth chapter, in which while the three friends, Gerty MacDowell, Cissy Caffrey and Edy Boardman are together, the style is reminiscent of a cheap school-girl novel; and the fourteenth, where the medical students discuss the maternity case just taking place. Here the embryonic development of the child is suggested by an extraordinary parody of the successful styles of English prose from the earliest times. I mention these two instances, outstanding among many, because the more advanced stylistic peculiarities of Joyce's later work have caused his name to be coupled too frequently with that of Gertrude Stein. Joyce's style is the result of deliberate concentration on psychological and æsthetic problems; Miss Stein, on the other hand (as I conceive) seeks first of all to make the mind a *tabula rasa*, able to receive every impression without distortion, and then, by a process very much akin to automatic writing, commits to paper the words and phrases, however unrelated in appearance, which suggest themselves.

What problems, it must be asked next, is Joyce treating in "Work in Progress," with which he has been occupied ever since finishing "Ulysses"? Three short sections of this work have appeared separately in England—"Anna Livia Plurabelle" (1930), "Haveth Childers Everywhere" (1931) and "Two Tales of Shem and Shaun" (1932). No explanation of any kind has been attached to them in their published form, and until the whole work is completed (if indeed it will ever be completed), it is of course difficult to understand it and impossible to judge it. But to any who are ready to believe that the author of "Dubliners" does not deliberately concentrate the labour of years (under the handicap of increasing blindness) to the production of nonsense, the following remarks may be of some slight assistance.

In "Ulysses" the life of a single day is described through the conscious minds of the principal characters. "Work in Progress" is to occupy a single night, described through the subconscious mind of one sleeper. "Ulysses" is not exactly light reading, though the splendid rewards it offers are out of all proportion to the application required. Is it likely that "Work in Progress" will be any easier to understand?

Obviously not. For the representation of the workings of the conscious mind, we have become accustomed to the use of picturesque but woefully inadequate methods. How inadequate the accepted manner of fiction is in this respect will be revealed by contrast by a brief glance at "Ulysses." But a credible analysis of the dream-state is something which has never previously been even attempted in fiction. Lewis Carroll surprises us by the apparent fidelity with which he reproduces dream-images familiar to most of us. But he does not try to make us follow the processes by which it was inevitable that the Sheep for instance should say "Feather" at a given moment. Why indeed should he do so in a children's book?

Since Carroll's day psychologists have made a number of illuminating discoveries (or, if you prefer it, have formulated a number of theories) in regard to the dream-condition of the mind. "Subconscious" is now a word used by everybody and misused by most. Some advance should therefore be possible in the representation of the life of the mind during sleep, and the one man who might with any hope of success attempt thus to widen the possibilities of fiction is James Joyce.

Two of the general principles which are guiding Joyce in this prodigious task may here be stated as a help towards a better comprehension of the published fragments. For both of them he is in part indebted to the researches of Freud. One is that dream-images are formed by a mingling of the images which the waking mind is able without difficulty to keep distinct. The other is that although the subconscious mind seldom thinks in words, the association of different words by their sounds may act upon it more forcibly than the association of different objects by their visual similarity or of different ideas by their customary relationship.

The force of this characteristic may be illustrated thus: Suppose that a primitive man, who could neither read nor write and whose life was more sensual than intellectual, received in the dream-state the image of a post. The idea that he would subconsciously associate with this would probably be that of a tree or of a church-steeple, or of his own finger. A more modern, more sophisticated mind, on the other hand, would correlate with "post" some such idea as "stamp" or "appointment"; while a verbally sensitive mind such as that of Joyce might leap to "poster" or "post-mortem."

Already in the "Portrait of the Artist" this tendency is clearly illustrated in two passages which are worth quoting for the light which they throw on "Work in Progress":

(1) "He drew forth a phrase from his treasure and spoke it softly to himself:

'A day of dappled seaborne clouds.'

"The phrase and the day and the scene harmonised in a chord. Words. Was it their colours? He allowed them to glow and fade, hue after hue: sunrise gold, the russet and green of apple orchards, azure of waves, the greyfringed fleece of clouds. No, it was not their colours: it was the poise and balance of the period itself. Did he then love the rhythmic rise and fall of words better than their associations of legend and colour? Or was it that, being as weak of sight as he was shy of mind, he drew less pleasure from the reflection of the glowing sensible world through the prism of a language many coloured and richly storied than from the contemplation of an inner world of individual emotions mirrored perfectly in a lucid supple periodic prose?"

(2) "He found himself glancing from one casual word to another on his right or left in stolid wonder that they had been so silently emptied of instantaneous sense until every mean shop legend bound his mind like the words of a spell and his soul shrivelled up sighing with age as he walked on in a lane among heaps of dead language. His own consciousness of language was ebbing from his brain and trickling into the very words which set to band and disband themselves in wayward rhythms:

'The ivy whines upon the wall,
And whines and twines upon the wall,
The yellow ivy upon the wall,
Ivy, ivy up the wall.'

"Did anyone ever hear such drivel? Lord Almighty! Who ever heard of ivy whining on a wall? Yellow ivy: that was all right. Yellow ivory also. And what about ivory ivy?"

"The word shone in his brain, clearer and brighter than any ivory sawn from the mottled tusks of elephants. Ivory, ivoire, avorio, ebur. One of the first examples that he had learnt in Latin had run: India mittit ebur; and he recalled the shrewd northern face of the rector who had taught him to construe the Metamorphoses of Ovid in a courtly English, made whimsical by the mention of porkers and potsherd and chines of bacon. He had learnt what little he knew of the laws of Latin verse from a ragged book written by a Portuguese priest:

'Contrahit orator, variant in carmine vates.'

"The crises and victories and secessions in Roman history were handed on to him in the trite words in tanto discrimine and he had tried to peer into the social life of the city of cities through the words implere ollam denariorum which the rector had rendered sonorously as the filling of a pot with denaries. . . ."

The problem of conveying such multiple associations with something approaching the speed of the subconscious mind at work results, in "Work in Progress," in the use of those remarkable "portmanteau" words which deter so many readers at the outset. The immense store of learning which goes to the formation of Joyce's dream-language is not necessarily to be supposed as available to the sleeper himself, who appears to be an insufficiently educated man of the lower middle class. Joyce is a scholar expressing with the material at his command the dim, confused ideas which his hero could not have framed in words.

With this glimpse of the author's purpose we can begin to read the fragments of "Work in Progress." We shall find that Joyce has combined in his prose those parallel lines of thought which in our waking hours we can keep separate, but which merge in the subconscious mind to produce the fantastic composite images of dreams. Thus from "Anna Livia Plurabelle" several streams may, with a little attention, be made to emerge. Two washerwomen on the banks of the Liffey discussing the gossip which links the names of the girl Anna Livia and the sleeping man Earwicker; an elm tree and a stone speaking to each other in melodious river-language; these are immediately identifiable, and with them mingle other voices—the voice of the dreamer himself, the voice of Anna Livia, the voices of the river and the mountain. Gradually random details of the life and circumstances of Earwicker are grasped. But even with no attempt to probe Earwicker's secrets, the unprejudiced mind may find in "Work in Progress" amusement and delight, and the willing ear must surely find rich music in such passages as the one with which I am to close this laboured interpretation of a great mind. It is the last paragraph from "Anna Livia Plurabelle," where, as night falls, the voices of the washerwomen become merged in the drowsy conversation of the elm and the stone:

"Can't hear with the waters of. The chittering waters of. Flittering bats, fieldmice bawk talk. Ho! Are you not gone ahome? What Tom Malone? Can't hear with bawk of bats, all the liffeying waters of. Ho, talk save us! My foos won't moos. I feel as old as yonder elm. A tale told of Shaun or Shem? All Livia's daughters. Dark hawks hear us. Night! Night! My ho head halls. I feel as heavy as yonder stone. Tell me of John or Shaun? Who were Shem and Shaun the living sons or daughters of? Night now! Tell me, tell me, tell me, elm! Night night! Tellmetale of stem or stone. Beside the rivering waters of, hither-andthithering waters of. Night!"

Brief Chronicles: Art

HENRY MOORE AND BEN NICHOLSON

By Geoffrey Grigson

If "Art Now," by Herbert Read,* is somewhat obscured by too much compression and too many quotations, it is a book which no one dare avoid; and there is one passage in it above others which should be considered now most carefully. It is useful to recall it in respect of two exhibitions which will be open when this number of THE BOOKMAN is on sale—sculpture by Henry Moore at the Leicester Gallery; sculpture, painting and various objects by Ben Nicholson and Barbara Hepworth at the Lefevre.

Mr. Read quotes from Worringer's "Form in Gothic." Worringer, writing of primitive man, declares that he created in his art a second world of permanent values, which comforted him by subduing his "torment of perception"; for primitive man was alone, surrounded overwhelmingly by an alien, chaotic and terrifying world. We again are in another such world. Science has gone beyond common sense. Evolutionary theory has taken away something of man's complacency as a god-made superior being. Psychology has frighteningly discovered to him the narrow limits of his reason. A powerful, adroit, mechanised materialism now holds the reins—or rather the steering-wheel—and the only clear thing under the progress of the crowded lorries of humanity is the road heading past the ruby lights into the gorge. Mr. Read explains the emergence of various kinds of geometric, abstract art as the artist's self-preservation in this dangerous, swift chaos. The artist leaps to an island in the traffic. He seeks refuge but not escape.

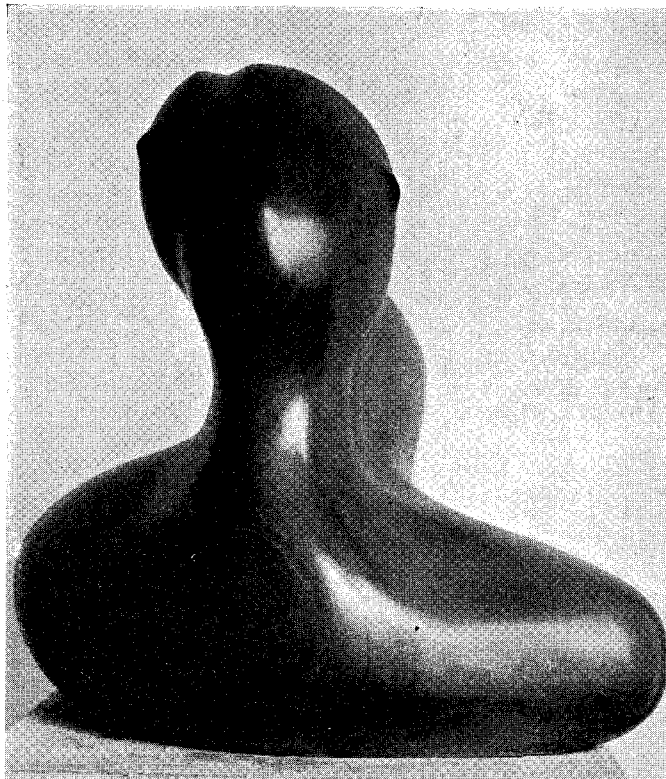
This is I believe the right explanation, though it need not be too narrowly applied. Since always there is some degree of chaos, it must explain also all great art. The great artist bores down and down. He reveals the universal substratum under all the ages, the pure earth under the concrete, tarmac or wood blocks of the road which again is under the tyres of the welter of vehicles. It explains much about the art of Henry Moore and Ben Nicholson—art which I am sure is truly great besides being truly typical of the day, in going further and further from representation of nature in naturalistic terms.

Those who go to the Leicester Galleries will see sculpture which is both intensely individual and, at its best, universal. Mr. Moore's works in wood and stone are works in the nature of their material, and yet organisms which have grown outwards from their centre, inevitably. This figure I owe again to Mr. Read,† but its truth is confirmed by the evidence of my own senses. In front of the best of Mr.

Moore's sculpture—for example the mother and child in green marble exhibited two years ago, or the "Composition" in African Wonder Stone which will be in his new exhibition—I am aware of experiencing forms of a universal value, which have been produced in their simplicity and inevitability by passionate and undivided imagination. Even in Epstein's good sculpture there is often an element which distracts and discomforts the spectator. Looking at a good piece by Mr. Moore, one is made at once happy. One is elevated by its unity and ease. It is complete and solid. It is harmonious, surprising and exhilarating. In this final excellence no English sculptor comes near to him except Barbara Hepworth.

Ben Nicholson I believe to be another artist as excellent, in a way not less simple or intense or less pure, but less wide and grand. The word for his art is "gaiety," though I do not mean it at all as a trivial word. Henry Moore is an artist who affirms the depth, the exhilaration and certainty of universal nature in the solid purity of three dimensions. Just as positively and universally, Ben Nicholson affirms elemental gaiety in the pureness of colour, tone and line. Only a surface critic would sneer at his art of surfaces by calling it superficial. Text after text for his painting could be found in the "Songs of Innocence"; and like the sculpture of Henry Moore, it has progressed from the representation of natural forms to that abstraction which is the passionate denial of all distraction. His pictures are self-contained. All that is in them now is within the frame, and the best of them are stable worlds of an infinite joy.

Such a picture is the "Composition," a photograph of which was reproduced with my notes last month. No photograph can suggest its quality, its power of exciting by form, surface quality and colour. I have seen no better painting by Mr. Nicholson; and I would advise everyone to go and admire it in the "Art Now" exhibition at the Mayor Gallery; and then to go on to examine the rest of his new work in King Street. Only Miro's ballet, "Jeux d'enfants," and the consciously naïve vision and colour of a more "literary artist," Paul Klee, have so delicately, so intensely impressed me with gaiety, but though Klee is a supreme draughtsman, Mr. Nicholson rightly detects, I think, in much of his art a recurrent, frightening deathliness which is certainly absent from his own. Nearly to the limit allowed to his individuality as an artist, Ben Nicholson, in Blake's phrase, has cleansed the doors of perception. He experiences colour as purely as our own half-sense of it has long ago become grimy and vulgar.



Composition in African Wonderstone by Henry Moore.

* 12s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

† See the remarks on Henry Moore in "The Meaning of Art"

Brief Chronicles : Theatre

IN SEARCH OF THE PERFECT ACTOR

By Aubrey Menon

I have spent this month in search of an actor ; and I have found three separate pieces of a quite presentable actor playing at three different theatres in three different plays. If some promising recruit from the dramatic training schools will take my advice and fit them together in his own person, the English stage may soon be graced with an actor who can be seen and heard and believed all the time, and who above all things can say intelligent things on the stage without giving the impression of an adored but bewildered infant reciting poems at a family party. We have many versatile actors playing in London at the moment, and they could imitate upon request the lame, the halt and the blind and a man having apoplexy, but they cannot imitate an intelligent man saying intelligent things. It is too subtle for them. I cannot remember more than three persons who have acted Shaw as if they knew what they were talking about, and they were Granville Barker, Cedric Hardwicke and Esme Percy ; the rest were puppets ; but every dramatic critic without exception has blamed Shaw instead of the actors. Perhaps it is unfair even to blame them, for they have merely got into the habit through constantly appearing in plays written in what is erroneously called the revival of the English stage. Thus only one play running at the moment in London rises above the level of polite tea-party conversation, and in that play Mr. Ashley Dukes was forced to place his characters back a century or so in history in order to avoid outraging his public. Even so, not all Mr. Ion Swinley's fine voice and excellent deportment could make The Man's fervent Rousseauism sound anything better than the ramblings of a Bloomsbury poet in knee-breeches. Yet Mr. Swinley was masterly when he made love.

For the rest, I can only say that the plays were admirably suited to the actors. Nothing was done or said on the October stage which could have taxed the understanding of a child of fifteen, though most of it would have excited his hearty contempt. And this month, at least, our authors have touched the lowest depths in dramatic infamy by adapting novels to make their plays or, what is far worse, by adapting their plays to suit a novel-reading public. I mean they have plots.

Plots in the sense of stories told on the stage in a play which was designed to do nothing else, were the invention of dramatists such as Plautus and Terence (who, as far as I have experienced the modern theatre, invented every plot which has yet occurred to our dramatic authors). These men wrote for most ill-educated and debased theatre audiences in dramatic history, and they drew their original notions from the Greek Menander, who for his part began the decline from intelligent drama which went on almost uninterruptedly till Ibsen. Brilliant specimens of story-telling and characterisation and well-turned anecdote were produced by writers who ranged within the limitations of such entertainments from Shakespeare to Molière and Racine ; but in every instance they assumed that the playhouse was the last place in the land where one would come to think. Such a preserve from rational thought we forthwith grappled to our hearts. Clearly we could not then approve of dramatists who tried to say uncomfortable things of great importance instead of telling stories, and we heaped such effective abuse on the heads of the Ibsenites when they descended upon us, that Ibsen's main effect on our stage literature is to pave the way for a new type of knockabout comedy and morality play which Bernard Shaw continues to supply.

But it was Elementary Education which finally made the intelligent drama impossible. Since Mr. Forster's Act of 1870 has become socially effective, lending libraries for the dissemination of novels have sprung up in an alarming manner, and the theatre, with its tradition behind it, promptly abandoned Ibsen and relapsed into tale-spinning and happy endings.

The height of such escapist dramas has come this month at the Gate Theatre studio, where Miss Jean Forbes Robertson, with Pirandello as her dramatist, tells a story of love and debauchery so intimately and convincingly that one almost called in the police when her lover shot her. And she is greatly helped by the fact that the Gate Theatre sells you seats two feet from her sufferings. I suppose that someone is sufficiently avid of sensations to enjoy the spectacle of human agony and suffering brilliantly simulated (it was indeed) within reach of one's arm ; if so I recommend the experience at close range and not from the back of a large theatre. If the personal, story-telling drama is to survive, certainly it should exploit the intimate theatre. And the more intimate it gets the better, until the villain has to shoot the audience before he can clear the way to the heroine. So there, in the Gate Theatre, is one piece of our actor, which will contain all he will want to satisfy his novel-reading public.

The effect of transferring such a type of drama to a large theatre is illustrated by the performance of Herr Werner Krauss in "Before Sunset." Herr Krauss is given the task of projecting the emotions of an old man of seventy-five in the midst of a love-affair a distance of roughly three hundred feet. He does it by means of a series of grotesque distortions which give the impression when seen from a distance of a real old man. Actually it is nothing but a middle-aged actor doing a restrained variety of Swedish drill. The effect of all this is uncannily "true to life" ; the element of weirdness, I would make plain, resides not in Herr Krauss's performance, but in the fact that seven hundred people nightly should be so deceived by such an obvious bag of tricks. Yet this magnification of a Gate Theatre performance to suit a large theatre is all that an actor means when he speaks of technique. It may be studied in detail at the Old Vic any night of this season both in its presence and its conspicuous absence. It is the second part of our actor, and the young tyro will have probably learned all about it at school.

Finally, this particular search ended most satisfactorily in a conversation with Mr. Ernest Milton. His performance as the petted Lorenzino in "Night's Candles" was so very much more intelligent and penetrating than De Musset's appalling text really permitted, that there was nothing for me to do but to beard the lion in his dressing-room and ask him how he did it. Mr. Milton is one of the few actors in English who still uses that language with respect and care ; the rest bubble their words. In addition his performance in "Night's Candles" is little short of tremendous ; if only his lines were bearably well written (which they are not), the production would have shaken the foundations of every school of acting in the kingdom. It is therefore to be expected that Mr. Milton would be able to tell me precisely how he attacks a part. He tells me that he does not plan it ; it evolves as he walks about the stage at rehearsals, and that explains why Mr. Milton always appears to have grown by imperceptible degrees from the stage floor and to be always a part of the theatre, rather than a gentleman in society earning his keep by acting because of the depression. He tells me that he hates the photographic drama, because plays are rarely written that way, though he is quite capable of lighting a cigarette as impressively as any man on the stage. And to conclude, what persons have called his mannerisms in the part of a kept favourite are due, he tells me, to the feeling he has that Lorenzino has grown used to the sensation of being stroked.

Go and see the play, and you will agree that if only De Musset had had as brilliant a phrase, and as penetrating an analysis to write about, he would have justified Mr. Milton's genius. There, at any rate, you will see the third and greatest fragment of the perfect actor.

Brief Chronicles: Broadcasting

A TALK ON TALKS

By C. Henry Warren

Until quite recently it was generally accepted by responsible authorities that broadcast programmes ought to be framed on an educational basis. It was the late Poet Laureate, as we were reminded in last month's issue of *THE BOOKMAN*, who said: "Those who have to exploit broadcasting for the public advantage must not forget that they are responsible Teachers." He need not have worried: they remembered it all right.

At last however there are welcome signs of a change of attitude. But the B.B.C. is too deeply infected with the germ of education for the change to be very noticeable yet; and, lest there should be any unhappy relapse, it still cannot be reiterated too often how dangerous the old attitude was.

When education is reduced to broadcast Talks scattered over the year in doses of twenty minutes each it will cease to mean anything worth while to anybody. A university of the ether is no university at all.

In some kind of blind realisation of this the B.B.C. suddenly began declaring that it did not aim at educating listeners but merely sought to spread culture. I am not sure which is the worse ideal. And anyway it is a begging of the question. Culture cannot be taught: it is your affair and mine, a purely personal matter. That is where America sets so pitiful an example: no people are so assiduous in their search for culture (witness the popularity of lectures in the States, the lionising of famous men and women, and all the globe-trotting in search of uplift), and yet they are hardly noted for their culture. The B.B.C. would only be doing us the worst possible service if it really tried to make its aim the spread of culture. Listeners would merely end by knowing everything about art—except the personal experience of it.

By its very nature broadcasting is an ephemeral medium. At worst it goes in one ear and out of the other: at best it can only lead (in the case of Talks) to the stimulation of personal endeavour or (in the case of Music) to an interest in the "real thing." Rarely indeed can it hope to provide listeners with the "real thing" itself. If this seems to you an understatement of the possibilities of broadcasting, I can only ask you to consider for a moment how many times since you first became a listener has broadcasting imparted to you the thrill of an authentic experience? I mean, how many times has broadcasting given you more than a merely momentary excitement, quickened your spirit and mind as attendance at a concert will sometimes do or the direct contact with another person? I am a fairly regular listener (which I should not be if I did not get real pleasure from broadcasting), but I do not believe I have tasted such an experience more than about a dozen times: Mr. Wells speaking on World Peace, for instance, Horowitz playing Moussorgsky's "Pictures from an Exhibition" in Leipzig, an American commentator describing the early morning arrival of the Zeppelin in New York, and a few others. And all, as I remember them, were accidental: such experiences are gifts out of the blue—they cannot be contrived six weeks beforehand by programme arrangers sitting at a desk somewhere in Broadcasting House.

No, it is useless to expect such experiences to come to one ready-made over the microphone. Rather (and here I am concerned particularly with the spoken word: music I leave to another time) one should ask of broadcasting that it shall impart information. Information is exactly what broadcasting is best fitted to supply. And there is no need whatever for that information to be disguised either as education or as culture in order to satisfy those earnest people who are not happy unless they are uplifting somebody or other. Let the information be its own justification. If it is broadcast by the right person (and

the Talks Department at Broadcasting House have a very fine *flair* for discovering the right person—when they are allowed to do so) it will be interesting enough; and anyway it can do no harm.

It is with real pleasure therefore that I see in the projected list of Talks for the winter season a marked absence of the desire to educate us. There is not quite so much talk of "problems"—a word that has hitherto been peppered all over the Talks Syllabus. There is less of the suggestion that the Talks have been planned on a kind of University Extension basis. Here then are a few of the series which (so far as it is possible to tell beforehand) listeners would do well to follow. Economics are to be discussed on Mondays by Commander Stephen King-Hall. In "Anywhere for a News Story," on Saturdays, all sorts of journalists will come to the microphone to tell us how they sought a Fleet Street reputation at the cannon's mouth. On Sundays the history of English music will be set before us by Dr. Thomas Armstrong. (Odd in what directions the Sunday programmes are allowed—almost furtively—to expand!) Mr. Howard Marshall, who last season stirred the nation's conscience with some harrowing accounts of slum conditions in this exceedingly tight little island, is being sent by the B.B.C. on a tour round the country to discover, and then to describe over the microphone, such eyesores as "caravans, litter, advertisement hoardings, and small houses set haphazard in country which has come into the market as a result of the breaking up of big estates." And Mr. S. P. B. Mais, known to thousands for his discovery of "This Unknown Island," has been sent even farther afield: from New York to San Francisco he will travel across the States, sending home every Friday, via the National Broadcasting Company of America, his impressions of the life and habits of the people whom he meets as (so the Talks Syllabus puts it) an ordinary man in the street. If I have left out of this list the very series on which the B.B.C. seems to lay most stress, "Taking Stock," that is because for me anyway it is too earnest, too purposelessly heavy: I cannot feel very interested in the constitution of the Civil Service, or in the function of the British Empire, and if I wanted a survey of Scientific Research I should prefer to read about it. And if I have left out Sir Walford Davies's "Keyboard Talks" on Fridays, that is because I have little sympathy with the B.B.C.'s apparent determination to flood this country with "appreciators" of music. As the Syllabus itself says: "The talks are not designed to be analytical or historical, but simply companionable." It could not be better expressed!

The late-night poetry readings are presumably to continue. Why is it that modern poetry gets so poor a show in these selections? During the first three weeks of October only two poems of to-day were read. Is it to be taken as a compliment to modern poetry that the B.B.C. evidently does not think it suitable for nightcaps? Or is the B.B.C. so disheartened by the disparaging remarks it has overheard concerning the winning numbers in its recent poetry competition that it is determined to risk no more in this direction? I cannot believe that an intelligent reader could not make some of the younger moderns (Stephen Spender, for instance—has he ever been broadcast? Or C. Day Lewis?) interesting to listeners. For the rest, we are to have a continuation of the "Mosaics"—those brief, experimental anthologies of poetry and music, surprisingly audacious and often very successful. But that is all. Why, one asks, when the B.B.C. is so persistently daring in its music, broadcasting composers whom not one in a hundred can possibly understand, is it so conservative in its choice of poetry?

Brief Chronicles: Films**"I WAS A SPY" AND "BITTER SWEET"**

By Charles Davy

Many conflicting opinions have been expressed about "I Was a Spy," which will be generally released on the 20th of this month. Some critics have praised this Gaumont production—based on the actual spying experiences of a Belgian girl during the War—for its high technical qualities and its dramatically exciting episodes. Others have condemned it for encouraging a resurgence of War-time passions and hatreds.

Here, say these hostile critics, is Belgium, shown once more under the heel of tyrannous German invaders. Here is a heroine who nurses the wounded in a German hospital and is yet at pains to warn the British Flying Corps of a church parade, in order that the assembled troops may be conveniently bombed. Here is war shown not as a lunatic horror but as an opportunity for daring stratagems and noble self-sacrifice.

Well, I would be inclined to vote against war films of any kind. They cannot be realistic; cannot give a really faithful impression of what happened at the front from 1914 to 1918—and still less can they reveal impartially why it all happened, for this is something no one quite knows. But I think that films which stress the physical horrors of war are of very doubtful value as anti-war propaganda. Young people, who have never seen war, are quite likely to take horror as a challenge to their courage. "What those men stood, I can stand." They almost begin to want to put their courage to an equally fiery test.

Perhaps the utmost that an anti-war film can do is to suggest that war is foolish and futile—easily avoidable through better management of human affairs. This impression certainly emerges from "I Was a Spy"; and Gaumont must be given credit for keeping the business of spying comparatively free from melodramatic romance. Martha's devoted efforts mostly fail, and have no appreciable effect on the course of hostilities. Also, the Germans are fairly portrayed, without caricature; and Sir Gerald du Maurier, unfamiliarly made up in beard and spectacles, plays the kindly German doctor with a most sensitive touch.

After a long absence from the screen Madeleine Carroll returns to play the heroine and gives perhaps the best performance of her career. It is true that she neither looks nor speaks like the daughter of a Belgian *estaminet* keeper; her fair hair is unruffled throughout. But unusual types are found among peasant women; and there is sincerity, if no great power, in her emotional acting. Herbert Marshall is not very well cast as her ally, but Edmund Gwenn and Conrad Veidt are alike excellent as the burgomaster and the town commandant; and Victor Saville has directed the film with a firm command of movement and a fine sense of pictorial detail.

It is at any rate certain that "I Was a Spy" makes a

powerful appeal to the public. During its London pre-release at the Tivoli it is said to have equalled "Cavalcade" in drawing power. It was quickly booked to about 2,000 cinemas in Great Britain, and will also be widely shown in America, Australia, Africa, and a good many other countries.

With "Bitter Sweet," also released on November 20th, we reach much less controversial ground. The only question likely to be argued about is whether the film, a British and Dominion production, is a satisfactory rendering of Noel Coward's musical play. Not having seen the play, I cannot draw this comparison, but the film can in any case be recommended for its good acting, its brilliant

photography, and the immense care that has been lavished on its period and pictorial details. Its weakness is that it dallies too long over separate incidents, but there is much in it to enjoy, and Mr. Coward's laconic dialogue has more character than most screen talk.

Of the original stage cast, Miss Ivy St. Helier reappears as Manon, the *diseuse*, and Mr. Clifford Heatherley as the proprietor of Schlick's café. Both are excellent; and Anna Neagle and Fernand Graavey are an attractive pair of young lovers.



Anna Neagle and Fernand Graavey in "Bitter Sweet."

I must speak briefly now of some of the earlier releases. On November 6th you can see Joyce Bland in a capable version of Mordaunt Shairp's play "The Crime at Blossom's," and on the same date the celebrated Barrymore family—Ethel, John and Lionel—all appearing together on the screen for the first time in a Metro-Goldwyn production called "Rasputin—the Mad Monk." This curious hotch-potch of sex, crime, and political intrigue is not however to be taken very seriously; the Barrymores have done far better work. Much more intelligent is "Kiss Before the Mirror" (Universal: November 13th), in which Frank Morgan gives one of his usual admirable performances in a better-than-usual drama of marital suspicion. On October 13th, too, the indefatigable George Arliss appears in "Working Man"—quite a good example of the usual Arliss mixture, concerned this time with big business. Mr. Arliss leaves off his collar but retains his chivalrous heart.

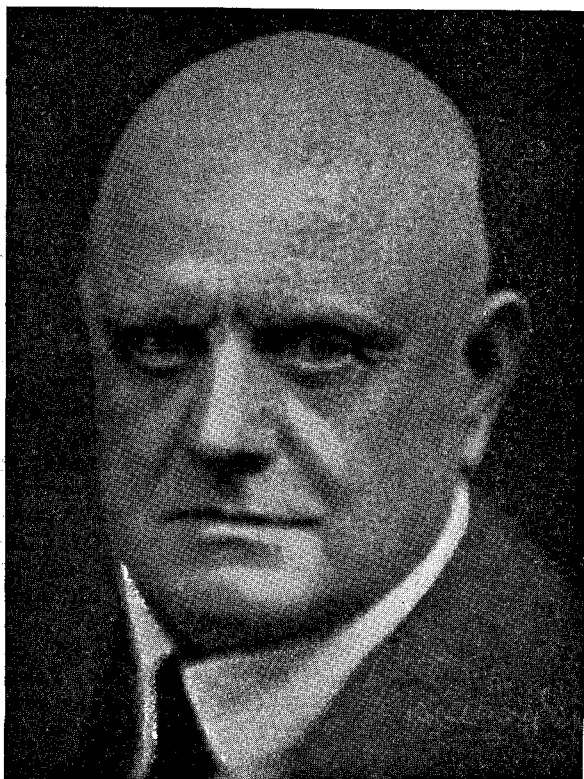
Finally, in "Bed Time Story" (Paramount: November 20th), Maurice Chevalier can be seen trying not to forget his famous smile while he baths a baby; or, if this prospect exerts on you no irresistible appeal, you may prefer to see, on the same date, Ernest Truex in "Whistling in the Dark" (M.G.M.)—a kind of burlesque crook film with some very agreeable moments.

Brief Chronicles : Music

SIBELIUS'S SEVENTH: AND THE LONDON STRING QUARTET

By Edward Crankshaw

The season proper opened with the first concert of the L.S.O., under Sir Hamilton Harty. One awaited it with misgivings. The L.S.O. has lately changed from a known to an unknown quantity. A few years ago one knew what to expect, and had only oneself to blame for a mis-spent evening; but the orchestra improved wonderfully under Beecham, leaving us wondering whether it would keep up to scratch when he departed from it. This first concert however answers the question satisfactorily enough: with Harty permanently on the watch, and with a new



Jean Sibelius.

leader who seems actually to enjoy working, in the person of Mr. George Stratton, there is no reason why this vicissitudinous band should not rapidly establish itself as a known quantity once more. And this time as a known quantity for the good. The opening programme was a heavy enough test—Handel, Mozart, Delius, Berlioz, Kodaly and Sibelius—and the most encouraging aspect of the whole affair was that the orchestra played as though it enjoyed the test. Every part of it pulled its weight and seemed intent on putting up a good show. There was none of that trade unionist ca'canny which is so often a dismal feature of English orchestral playing. Harty himself must be an inspiration; it would take a hard case to remain torpid in face of his passionate energy. All this of course is not to say that it was a perfect evening; but the concert as a whole deserves to be applauded as a good start in the right direction, and there is plenty of time for detailed fault finding.

The symphony was Sibelius's Seventh, and it is a revelation of a composer who is in the direct line of succession. One can speak of its greatness without reservation, actual or implied, using the word as we use it for Mozart or Beethoven or Wagner. So far as I could tell Harty secured an admirable performance of it. At any rate it moved me as few things have ever done. Whether he did full justice to the work I cannot profess to say, for my previous acquaintance with it was limited

to Koussevitzki's performance over the wireless, and I have not seen the score. At any rate it gave me quite enough to go on with, and until it is more familiar I have nothing to say beyond the fact that it is the superb creation of profound intellect, exquisite sensibility and complete musicianship; a perfect, self-contained work of art a thousand times greater than the sum of its parts, and in all its parts inevitable. Just as one is glad that one was not born before Shakespeare, or Milton, Mozart or Beethoven, Rembrandt or Cézanne, so one is glad that one was not born before Sibelius. His music can reconcile one even to the twentieth century.

For some time past it has been a popular amusement to barrack for the Eighth Symphony, which has long been promised. If I was not by nature selfish I would pray for it to be withheld until we have shown that we deserve it: which is not yet by a very long way. We have seven complete symphonies from Sibelius, symphonic poems, chamber music, and other things besides. Until the last year or two we refused to have anything to do with the lot, blindly using "Valse Triste" as a measuring stick. Having suddenly and belatedly realised that we have been giving the cold shoulder to a man who is probably the greatest living artist in any sphere of action, instead of making haste to familiarise ourselves with the feast before us, we behave like a lot of greedy children trying to wheedle the secret of to-morrow's pudding from the cook. When we have had a couple of dozen performances of each of the first seven symphonies we may decently ask for the Eighth; but not before.

On the following night Madame Leider gave her recital in the same hall. Her voice at its highest and loudest is a little too strident to make her the ideal *lieder* singer, but nine-tenths of the time she gave unmitigated pleasure, whether in Gluck or Schubert, Strauss or Wolff. Those who know her Brünnhilde and who know the subtlety of characterisation and the perfect finish with which she invests so arduous a part, could take delight in watching her artistry at close quarters. Frieda Leider, Lotte Lehmann and Elizabeth Schumann are just three singers who give the lie to the pernicious contemporary doctrine that the operatic singer should not be expected to sing *lieder* and vice versa. A doctrine which finds extension in the segregation of "coloratura" singers (stoutly withstood by Toti dal Monte and Maria Ivogun), and which is doing more harm to singing than any other single fallacy. To sing is to exercise the voice, and the voice is capable of many things; anybody who cannot sing every type of song at least adequately cannot be justly called a singer. That is not to say that every soprano should be able to equal dal Monte's F in alt; but the singer who spends most of her evenings singing Wolff should be able to put up a good show at Mozart's "Queen of the Night," and your habitual Lucia should also be capable of "An die Apfelbäume." How many are? How many are decently capable of either?

In these columns there will appear at frequent intervals unambiguous remarks on the ineptitude of English singers, instrumentalists and concert-goers. To obviate future accusations of chronic Anglophobia I particularly stress the following lines in praise of the London String Quartet. These four gentlemen are driven to a distant land to earn their living, when they should by rights have a permanent platform of their own in London. They have been playing Beethoven at reduced prices in the Wigmore Hall; and they may be specially mentioned for all those qualities which one expects in a first-rate quartet. The difference being that as a rule one finds one quality in this quartet, the other in that; while in

the London Quartet they are to be found all at once. There is unity of the intuitive, inevitable kind; the tone, when required, is large and resonant, yet never harsh, the rhythm leaves nothing to be desired (I think the 'cellist is largely responsible for this); they are at home equally in the grand manner and in the fine-spun manner; the individual tone is clean and unflawed by tremolo; the interrelation between the first and second violins is finely balanced and distinct. And, on top of all that, all four are musicians. If the London concert-goers were also musicians these concerts would have taken place in the Queen's Hall at *erhöhten Preisen* of the Furtwängler order.

This quartet is to give another concert in the B.B.C. Chamber Music series. Please go. Please go also to Rudolf Serkin's recital at the Wigmore Hall on November 11th. Last year this pianist gave a superb performance of Beethoven's *Opus 106* to a barren desert of red plush. His neglect is due entirely to the fact that he was unwar-y enough to make his London debut as Adolf Busch's

"accompanist"—whatever that may mean. And first-class pianists should never appear in chamber music in this country until they have given celebrity concerts in large halls, when the public will forgive them their eccentricities. It is to be hoped that by now people have begun to realise that Serkin is a man worth hearing, and that when they go to hear Busch play the violin what they really hear is Busch and Serkin. Further recommendations are of Orloff's four Chopin recitals on November 18th and 25th and December 2nd and 9th, when you will hear Chopin played as the composer intended it to be played; and on November 28th Elizabeth Schumann is singing at the Queen's Hall in the fourth concert of Mr. Van Wyck's Tuesday series, with Julius Harrison conducting the L.S.O. and Leon Goossens with his oboe.

I can say nothing of the first Philharmonic Concert, for the simple reason that no ticket was forthcoming; but before long Beecham will be having a whole article to himself, as is befitting the greatest conductor in the world to-day.

"A. M.": IN MEMORIAM

September 24th, 1933

One morning in spring last year I walked across Kensington Gardens, along the Flower Walk she so loved to tread, to the pleasant house where Alice Muriel Williamson made her home when in England.

At the door I met a mutual friend from Hollywood. We exchanged greetings, and our American friend said: "I'm sorry I can't stay to talk, but I'm meeting Alice Williamson for lunch, and I *daren't* be late!" Then slowly and impressively: "You know, *Alice Williamson is always on time.*"

"She is," I answered—"not only with her luncheon engagements, but with her loyalties, her friendships and her countless acts of kindness."

Dining together that night, I repeated the conversation to "A. M.", and added laughing: "You'll never need a better epitaph than that!" "Well, if I die first I'd be proud to think you would use it," she said.

"On time"! Terse, even ugly expression, but it summed up the qualities of heart and mind that made the woman of whom we spoke beloved wherever she went.

How shall I write of her? One had only to look into her eyes to know that she was sad; but laughter was always just a little ahead of the tears, for cheerfulness was a duty with "A. M.", part of her creed, and valiantly did she fulfil it.

She was at heart deeply religious. She had read widely and pondered much on spiritual things, and rarely did we speak of anything else when alone together. To the world at large she seemed almost afraid to let this other "soul-side" be seen.

"She was never quite the same after 'C. N.' died," said those who knew her best, and it was true. In her heart she had continual sorrow, but she wore it inwardly, not as a thorn but as a sacred relic, and that look in her eyes was the lamp burning before it.

In a copy of "The Way of Initiation," which she gave to me the last time we met, I found these words of Joseph Conrad, taken from her calendar for September 7th this year:

"If at times you feel defeated, believe me it will be a delusion, because no circumstances of man's contriving can be stronger than a personality upheld by faith and conscience."

And that, with all her wistfulness, is what one felt about her always. She was fundamentally free and unconquerable; she conveyed an impression of vitality, of inward fire, of strength, fine and tempered, as of a steel spring.

Loyalty was the main arch of her creed of life; her religion the simple and most perfect of all—that of love and joy and service. It gave her a tenderness towards all creatures, and a large-hearted tolerance that enabled her to make friends wherever she went, among people of any nationality, any creed and any walk in life.

On her record of work and achievement it is unnecessary to dwell here. There are many successful books to her name, in addition to those written with her husband, and she told much of her life-story in "The Inky Way."

It is of the heart of her that we are thinking now, and that was as big as her charity was wide. She went about doing good—but to no one did she speak of it. I have seen her lay aside all her work and, denying herself to all visitors or telephone calls, and taking only snatches of food and brief moments of rest, work for forty-eight hours on end, rewriting somebody's else's play or story, in the hope that she could turn it into a success. Nobody ever sought her help in vain; she simply did not know how to say no.

And yet, in a life full of kindness to others, she was "always on time" with her own work. The only note of personal pride I ever heard in her voice was once in a big rush of work when she said: "I've never let an editor down yet, and I never will."

Someone said of "A. M." that she not only helped lame dogs over stiles, but she took them home and nursed them until their lameness had departed.

It was a benediction to have been brought into close contact with such a personality and such a life. Those who knew her best, and were privileged to share in her work and interests, are left with many imperishable memories.

But—"journays end in lovers' meeting." "C. N. and A. M."!

Quis separabit!

M.

HE LAUGHED IN FLEET STREET. By Bernard Falk. 18s. net. (Hutchinson.)

In writing his recollections Bernard Falk has forgotten nothing, and so committed the first crime against artistry. His book is a hotch-potch of stories—good, bad and indifferent—about Fleet Street in the last thirty years. A man who has been in close touch with events in the "Street" during the Northcliffe era can hardly fail to have something interesting to say, however badly he says it. This no doubt explains the fact that, having once opened Mr. Falk's book, one goes on reading it, in spite of its innumerable irritating qualities. But how much better it would have been if Mr. Falk, in spite of thirty years of intensive journalism, had been able to steer a little clearer of the worst kind of cliché, and if during those thirty years he had been able to keep his critical faculties a little keener, and had not been quite so overwhelmed by all the important people he met.

DAVID MITCHELL.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW ON THE LAST

Over the River.

By John Galsworthy. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

It is not easy to be fair to the last and posthumous work of a great writer; detachment is so difficult to attain. Remembering pleasures associated with earlier works, the temptation to be sentimental at the thought of their author's passing is hard to withstand; and then, as if out of perversity, one dwells on the major achievements of the dead writer and, measuring the latest work by them, finds it disappointing.

Having recently reread all of Galsworthy's novels, I am in this instance happily immune from what seems to be a natural law, and freed from the glamour created by an imperfect memory. "The Man of Property" is too distinctly present in my mind for me to see it through the haze of sacrosanctity with which those who deplore Galsworthy's fecundity enshroud it, and this enables me to judge his last novel, "Over the River," from much the same angle, and in the same perspective, as the author himself judged it. The series which began with "The Man of Property" and included nine full-length novels and many shorter stories, has worthily culminated in "Over the River." During the course of a work so generously schemed and so varied, there are inevitable ups and downs, high lights and obscurities, but it is only with the publication of this last work that the magnitude of Galsworthy's achievement can be rightly estimated. "Over the River" could be read and appreciated without reference to the eight novels which precede it, but only those who were present at Old Jolyon's At Home, with which "The Forsyte Saga" opened, and have followed the fortunes of the Forsytes, the Monts and the Charwells from then onwards, will be able to extract from it its essential virtue. In much the same way as the last linked movements of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony are related organically to the first and second movements, pointing and justifying them, so does Galsworthy's third trilogy ("Maid in Waiting," "Flowering Wilderness" and "Over the River") establish the organic nature of the Forsyte chronicles, calling up moods and prophecies of the earlier books, fulfilling them or dispelling them, and finally bringing down the curtain not only on Galsworthy's life-work, but on a whole epoch.

"Over the River" continues the story of the Charwells; this time it is Clare, Dinny's sister, who is the protagonist. Married to a man in the Colonial Service who has misused her so grossly that she will not divulge the nature of his offence even to her sister, she runs away from him—and presently finds herself involved in a divorce suit made possible by an indiscretion of which she was thoughtlessly guilty. Except in one particular—Clare's somewhat unaccountable yielding to her husband's embrace long after she had abandoned him—the book shows Galsworthy's skill in narrative at its best. The story never flags. The structure is clean and well poised; the characters are introduced and developed with a dramatist's economy; the picture of England since the National Government is neatly and significantly etched; the philosophy is implicit and not tacked on; and there are many passages of sheer beauty which Galsworthy never excelled. Our regret that this is his last novel is somewhat mitigated by the conviction that it is one of his wisest and most fragrant.

HERMON OULD.

Over the River.

By John Galsworthy. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

In his last novel Mr. Galsworthy brings his "modern comedy" up to date. There is "Cavalcade" running in London, and the National Government in power. Clare Condaford flees from a sadistic husband in Ceylon, and meets Tony Croom on the boat. He falls in love, and she remains just friendly. "'How clean,' she was thinking."

Though as the story progresses the characters grow very voluble, they hardly grow more articulate than this. And yet they are presumably complex characters which Mr. Galsworthy intends to draw—Clare, wishing only to be free from her husband, resumes marital relationship with him; her family, only wishing to shield the family name, insist upon defending a divorce suit and thus infallibly make a *cause célèbre*. The secondary plot is also a long, very restrained wooing of Clare's sister. Here there is the forgetting of a former love, the gradual turning of friendliness into love, and the fear of spinsterhood, to be portrayed.

In both cases Mr. Galsworthy fails lamentably to make us understand his characters. He records their chatter with meticulous care, and is skilled enough story-teller to introduce sufficiently diverse characteristics to make all the dramatis personæ distinguishable and individual. In the frame of the story they live.

But of a great novelist one demands more than an arid reproduction of life. He must in some way have a clearer vision than his readers. It may be that he creates a character with such understanding that our sympathies are enlarged and the character attains universal validity. He may stand away from his characters and point out some beauty of pattern in their intricate relationships. He may be ironic or bitter, and sharpen our intellectual appreciation of stupidity. There are as many ways as there are good authors, but every work which claims to be literature must in some way increase our sensibilities. Yet if we look at Mr. Galsworthy's achievements in creating character, we find that the only one which he tried to imbue with any value or character in its widest sense—Bosinney—is his greatest failure. None of his characters can step outside the story. Even Soames, where for a moment he seems to have succeeded in clothing meanness with a certain dignity, we cannot imagine in other circumstances.

In "Over the River" the husband is as simple a stage villain as could be; Clare knows that she does not want to go back to him, and little else; her sister Dinny is self-sacrificing and calm; the Aunt and older characters are dear old things.

When faced with the obvious failings of human nature—the prying, the cruelty and the delight of believing the worst—Mr. Galsworthy is cross and bitter, especially when such emotions hide themselves behind legality. But his irony is intermittent and unilluminating.

There are other passages where he reveals his love for the older England—"beauty and dignity, and the sense of service, and manners"; or the love of the English countryside—"You couldn't anywhere else in the world get just such a spot, or just such grass to feel and see, a scent that was wellnigh none, a tender, fleecy sky, tiny flowers, birds' songs, age and youth together." This may have been the vision of beauty Galsworthy wished to convey, but it is not inherent in the story. It is neither seen clearly nor expressed movingly. It remains vague and diffuse, a sentimentality and not a sentiment. Mr. Galsworthy in his last book proves himself a good speaker with nothing to say.

ESMÉ WHITAKER.

GALSWORTHY AND SOME SELECTED POEMS

The Best Poems of 1933.

Selected by Thomas Moulton. 6s. (Jonathan Cape.)

How few of these contemporary poets would seem to be aware of the contemporary scene; how few of them even show a consciousness of a realisation that they themselves are alive here and now, in a day that, whatever else it may be, is not lethargic! Most of the poems which Mr. Moulton has gleaned from English and American periodicals are lacking in any sense of their period; they might have been written at any time during the last fifty years. Mere modish verse is—well, it is not poetry at all; but the poetry that is for all time is the authentic and unmistakable voice of some time, just as universal poetry must have a national origin. And the poet who would speak with the voice of to-day, with what vigour and resonance he could articulate—what reservoirs, or rather I should say rivers, nay, torrents of energy he has to draw upon! Never surely have poets found themselves in such a swirl of energy—physical, intellectual and spiritual. The very atmosphere they breathe is charged and seething with vital and invigorating ideas—scientific, social and religious; while the material world in which they move and have their being is teeming with suggestions and inspiration for new poems. A world indeed with no security; an atmosphere that is bewilderingly chaotic; but security is death to the poet; and it is his essential function to create order out of chaos. Assuredly the poet must deal with eternal verities, the fundamental truths that abide, changeless throughout all changes; but it is his vocation to reveal to us fresh aspects of the everlasting; and in the disruption of these times, fresh aspects and new points of view are being incessantly disclosed. The stupendous material changes

that are taking place are not altogether without their effect even upon spiritual values. The soul of the poet may be like a star and dwell apart; he may feel profoundly that he who has watched, not joined the strife, knows how the day has gone; but his work should not convey the impression that he is entirely unaware of the upheaval; he may brood, in godlike immunity above the battle, but he should at least be conscious that there is a battle going on.

Whether we believe that the mainspring of poetry is emotional or intellectual, there can be no question that the art of poetry is the art of expression through words and symbols, and originality in poetry is essentially a matter of diction and images. The lack of vitality in most of the work contained in this volume is betrayed by the second-hand and threadbare language in which many of the writers are content to trick out even their sincerest ideas and emotions. Science and engineering and all the multifarious enterprises of mankind to-day have provided the poet with, at least, a considerably augmented vocabulary and a wonderful range of fresh and stimulating imagery; and yet how little, so far, have poets availed themselves of any of the new means of expression. True, some of the younger men would seem to be on the alert to make the



Decoration by Elizabeth Montgomery.

From "The Best Poems of 1933," edited by Thomas Moulton (Jonathan Cape).

The Best Poems of 1933.

Selected by Thomas Moulton. 6s. (Jonathan Cape.)

Nothing but physical incapacity seems likely to prevent Mr. Moulton from compiling his curious annuals of verse. This year two vapid gazelles appear on the cover, one staring at the stars and the other at the markings on its own back. Presumably they symbolise the poets whose work may be found within. If that was Miss Montgomery's intention, it has been admirably fulfilled.

The poems "salvaged" by Mr. Moulton from English and American periodicals are elusive little things—like Mary Carolyn Davies's snowflakes—

"startled, shy;
Catch them, snatch them
And they die."

Their melt-in-the-mouth quality is due to the attitude of the poets to experience. It is not merely a matter of vocabulary and technique. It is a matter of courage. We are not at the moment living in a pretty world, and the contemporary poet cannot be fastidious. In his search for the ideal, or the ideally poetical, like all cowards, he will find himself imagining lies. The work of the imagination must begin by a courageous attempt to apprehend the actual. Fear is the father of falsehood and trivial verses.

I should like to set a poet like Anderson N. Scruggs to write an ode to Van der Lubbe (or Goering if he likes), to see if silver spells would still be woven into his sleep; or Gaylord Parks to write a Song for Miners which could be sung or at least understood by them, since he seems indignant about this Industrial Age. I should like to see whether R. L. Mégroz can speak of the forgotten real as easily as he makes rhymes about the forgotten ideal. I should like to know what actually happens to Alfred Noyes when he sees

his favourite kind of crab-apple tree in flower.

But there are three or four poems to be found by the astute or persevering reader which will remind him that good poetry is still being written, although Mr. Moulton cannot often find it in the papers. Richard Goodman's "After Their Life" is at least free from superfluous decoration or stale quaintness; but it is so close an imitation of Stephen Spender that, in the face of the most circumstantial evidence, it is difficult to believe while reading it that Richard Goodman himself really exists. Edwin Muir's "Interregnum" shows that he is aware of the poet's present position. It is careful and unaffected. Conrad Aiken's "Prelude," although it is rhetorical and confused, is the result of a poetic impulse more urgent than that of most of the others. John Peale Bishop's "Martyr's Hill" is that remarkable achievement, a simple descriptive poem of an incident in contemporary life; and Siegfried Sassoon's "Premonition" is relevant and clear. Without these "The Best Poems of 1933" would be a depressing book. Fortunately there is enough sound poetry being written in England at least to make this sort of thing merely funny and pathetic:

"But Mother England leads him by the hand,

Continued col. 2, p. 114.

Continued col. 1, p. 114.

new modes of expression their own; but few of these adventurers are represented in this volume. This is not to say that the collection does not include many charming and even several distinguished poems, from old and new hands. Mr. Moul's chief merit as an anthologist is his catholicity; his annual selections are not confined to the exploitation of the work of any one school of poets; and, as usual, there are representative poems of many schools included. But on the whole there are too many "school" pieces, too many poems written to a formula, too many imitative essays in verse; and an imitation poem is still an imitation, be it written on the outmoded "Georgian" or on the modish "Eliot" formula.

Essentially and ultimately, poetry is not a matter of schools but of individual poets. Schools perish; the individual poet survives; and this volume fails to reveal any new poet of outstanding and compelling individuality. When we have laid it aside we are conscious of having listened to many charming voices; but no individual voice reverberates in the memory with the authentic and unforgettable accents of an unchallengeable personality.

WILFRID GIBSON.

RUPERT BROOKE

Rupert Brooke.

By Armand Guibert. 50 lire. (Orfini: Genova.)

THIS book, from the first page to the last, is an ecstatic hymn in praise of Rupert Brooke. It is Edward Marsh's Preface to the Collected Poems *in excelsis*. "Rupert Brooke," writes M. Guibert, "dont le nom est aujourd'hui dans les pays de langue anglaise synonyme d'esprit chevaleresque et de poétique enthousiasme"; and the whole book is written in this chivalrous and poetic spirit. After an ecstatic account of Rupert Brooke's life, his youth, his beauty, his sensuality, the author proceeds to an examination of his poems, which culminates in a description of Grantchester. Here is an example of M. Guibert's criticism: "Et, plus loin, quel charme est contenu en ces deux vers suggestifs:

"Ah, God! to see the branches stir
Across the moon at Grantchester,"

où la lune s'aperçoit entre les arbres, non designés plus clairement, mais frémissants à la fraîcheur nocturne qu'on devine," etc.

The passages quoted suffice to show how far M. Guibert is ignorant of the trend of contemporary English criticism. I hope that this book will not be translated into English, for it would only harm Brooke's reputation. Indeed, when one reads it, one realises why it is that there exists no serious full-length biography of Rupert Brooke in England. Even his most enthusiastic admirers seem to realise that a study of seventy thousand words would be taking him too seriously.

On the other hand, the contempt with which Rupert Brooke's work is now treated is unjustified. When Dr. F. R. Leavis calls Brooke "Keats with a public school accent," the gibe only reveals the vulgarity of the donnish mind trying to play down to his juniors and just failing to be clever in their manner; but the real significance of Dr. Leavis is that his gibe is typical of the disrepute into which Brooke's poetry has fallen to-day.

It is clear to us now that Brooke is not as considerable a writer as were many of his contemporaries.

Calls him her dearest son, her favourite boy
Whose fame shall be her crown.
He only knows that whippings follow joy;
So with his dusty shoes, his crumpled hose,
The little Shakespeare goes
At dusk to Stratford town."

Winifred M. Letts has dedicated this poem to Neville Jones, Canadian schoolboy, which makes it at once important. What Canadian schoolboys read is more important than what editors of periodicals like. Naughty little ("What did Will care?") Shakespeare will be no use to them. There is all Canada to write of first; and the boys have to be saved from mock-English stupidity and from barbarism. This is a task interesting enough for any poet. If poetry is to continue, poets must have some conception of the function of poetry. It cannot survive as a factory of knick-knacks. It must be a school.

WYNYARD BROWNE.

By Stephen Spender

His poetry is lacking in the immediate imaginative and poetic appeal of de la Mare; it is not natural and flowing like that of W. H. Davies; it is not deeply experienced like that of Edward Thomas. It is sophisticated, but rather as a spoilt undergraduate is sophisticated—without being profound or organised with high intellect. In some of his poems he is content simply to draw up a list of observations or sensations: "I have been so great a lover" is the most disgraceful example of a style crudely cribbed from the lists in "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." He is not deeply sensual in the sense that D. H. Lawrence was, or indeed even in the sense that mankind normally and maturely is, but he is constantly perceiving the *opportunity* of exhibiting a rather perverse and decorative sensuality. He had an unfortunate tendency towards the merely daring; this is worst shown in the poem beginning "The damned ship lurched."

Many of these faults are faults of immaturity, and we should not be so aware of them had not our earlier enthusiasm so forced them on to our attention. In spite of such faults, Rupert Brooke is a name likely to be remembered. Partly because the legend of his personality, his beauty and his unheroic, indeed his inept death, are unforgettable. Partly because his poetry has a certain real originality. It communicates a modern youthful enthusiasm which is most often quite dumb. Brooke had also a gift of precise and clear observation. His poetry reminds one often of beautiful coloured photography. He has no attitude; he has the point of view of an extremely interested, indeed of an excited observer and recorder. If one looks at the poems of Professor Julian Huxley one sees that Brooke achieves in his poetry the effects that Huxley is aiming at. If one wishes to see the direction in which Rupert Brooke's talent has been developed, one cannot do better than to read the books of another Huxley—Aldous. Aldous Huxley is the literary descendant of Rupert Brooke, with Brooke's idealism slightly embittered and disappointed. Aldous Huxley has turned away from poetry but, if one reads Brooke's prose, one may form the opinion that Brooke too, had he lived, would have written less and less poetry and more prose.

Modern Composers

XII—CYRIL SCOTT

An Interview by Watson Lyle

While I knew from "Grove," and the catalogues of music publishers, that Cyril Scott had composed several works of symphonic proportions, besides certain charming songs and pianoforte pieces familiar to most concert-goers, I confess to a feeling of surprise upon discovering that the numbers of his opera approached a hundred; and I imagine that this information will surprise most folks. Also the fact that it is fifty-four years since this youthful looking man, with hair still unsilvered, was born. By the age of seven he had learnt the rudiments of music and began to write it, and at twelve left his home in Cheshire (Oxton) to seriously pursue his art at the Hoch Conservatoire, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, fellow students there being Percy Grainger, Norman O'Neill and Roger Quilter.

To the general public Cyril Scott is known as the composer of "Lotus Land," "Danse Nègre," "Blackbird's Song," and that other exquisite miniature for voice and pianoforte, "Lullaby." That this same public is ignorant of his symphonic works (although we owe the production of his "Second Symphony" to Sir Henry J. Wood at a Prom. of 1903) and his opera, "The Alchemist" (1926), and has but a nodding acquaintance with his chamber music and his pianoforte concerto, must be set down to lack of enterprise in our concert organisations, for it is by these large works that he is best known on the Continent. True, we have enjoyed occasionally broadcasts of his smaller works (such as the broadcast of his songs on August 9th, with the composer at the piano), but while they bear the imprint of his poetic fusion of tone-colour and rhythm, they naturally give the impression of an artist of lesser stature than is known to the German musical public.

There may be two explanations for this state of affairs. Either those including Scott's works in their programmes, and publishing lists, believe in giving the public more of the particular kind of his music for which it has shown a decided preference; or else the unobtrusive personality of the composer has not insisted upon what might be termed his three-dimensional importance in music—indeed in art.

Naturally it is with Cyril Scott the composer we are here primarily concerned, but in passing reference must be made to his other works in poetry and prose. If one's cheeks flare now and then at home truths while reading "Childishness: A Study in Adult Conduct," one can laugh forgivingly at its piquant, sarcastic wit. Despite its ruthless commentary upon our times and our foibles, the book has a pervading humanity linking it spiritually to the repose in the second subject of the slow movement of his piano sonata, *Op. 66*, as well as to the strength of endeavour dominating the first movement. Animating the book is an objective analysis of cause and effect, mental processes which, directed into musical channels, may explain his subtle command of tone-colour. It is thus, one feels, he chooses sensitively effective, though often unusual, notation to express himself musically.

"Do you," I asked, turning from the wide bay window of the delightful studio of his home in town, "with such a pleasant outlook as that, find it hard to concentrate upon work?" I indicated the terraces and lawns of the garden, bathed in the yellowing effulgence of the June afternoon. Sitting down facing him from the opposite end of a settee, I watched him puff away industriously at a favourite hookah pipe for a second or two before replying to me, his right arm easefully quiescent along the back of the settee, his left hand nervously pliant over the cane-encased, glass, rose-water reservoir of the pipe. His fingers tightened around it. Mobile lips and mouthpiece reluctantly severed companionship. From their citadel of his domed skull, his grey eyes gazed straightly into mine.

He said: "When there is the real urge to creative work, physical surroundings are not always of great importance. One does not notice them. There are

influences near us far stronger than they. It is these influences that are important to the artist."

"Psychic influences?"

He inclined his head to my question, his hand again contemplatively engaged with the bowl of his pipe, its mouthpiece once more in intimate communion with his lips. For a little neither of us spoke; yet one became strangely aware of an ebb and flow of thought between us, so that I somehow felt no break in continuity of speech when he said: "It may sound odd, but until a few years ago I never had the least desire either to draw or paint. Then suddenly I found myself with a longing to do so. Perhaps you noticed the panel in the next room? Of course I don't profess to be a real painter, but I find occasionally working with colours very good for a tired brain." (I had noticed the Italian-looking landscape, but did not know whom it was by. It seemed incredible that anyone lacking years of study and tuition in graphic art could have produced it.)

Feeling however that this occurrence, evidence of yet a third facet of Scott's creativeness, though interesting in itself, threatened to lead away from the real purpose of our talk, I said, sitting down beside him again: "I suppose, as a pianist, you find the instrument rather helpful when composing?"

"But I don't consider myself a pianist," he said almost sharply.

"Come, come! I have heard you play very well indeed," I answered, laughing, "and as I hear all kinds of pianists—good, bad and indifferent—every concert season, I may claim to be some judge of what is, and what is not, good pianistic art. I have heard you play your own music delightfully."

"Ah! My own music." Smiling slightly as though found out in something, he went on: "But I am not a pianist within the general meaning of the term."

"Still, how about the influence of the instrument when you compose?" I hope he forgave my tenacity.

"Sometimes I use it, and sometimes I do not. I have written quite a lot of music—chamber music—without employing it at all. On the other hand I may use it when composing piano works. It is useful for trying over things."

"As a sort of palette?"

"Yes. I do not find it cramps the imagination. In fact I use a composer's piano."

"What's that?" I exclaimed. For indeed I had never heard of any special style of piano for composers.

"I'll show you it." Rising, with his easy, graceful manner, he moved across the carpet into the small room I had just left.

"This is the only composer's piano in existence, I believe. I invented it, and had it specially made. Look!"

Seating himself before what looked rather like a plain, black wood dummy upright pianoforte without a keyboard, he raised part of the front which folded backwards forming a broad writing desk for music MS. paper, and disclosing the keyboard of the pianoforte inside this plain case.

"There you are," he said. "Everything ready to hand to test by ear the 'colours' mixed on the palette!"

"Splendid!" said I enthusiastically. "For the little composing I do nowadays, I manage irksomely upon the lid of the grand piano as 'desk,' sprinkling ink freely as I jump about. But this—"

"Saves time," observed Cyril Scott laconically, slowly closing the lid of his invention as he rose, and went back in his reposeful way to the larger room, puffing again at his pipe with its bubbling little song of the rose-water in the glass reservoir.

[This is the concluding article of a series of interviews with Arnold Bax, Arthur Bliss, Bela Bartók, Nicholas Medtner, Serge Prokofieff, Erik Chisholm, Baron Frederic d'Erlanger, Herbert Howells, Lord Berners, Paul Hindemith.]

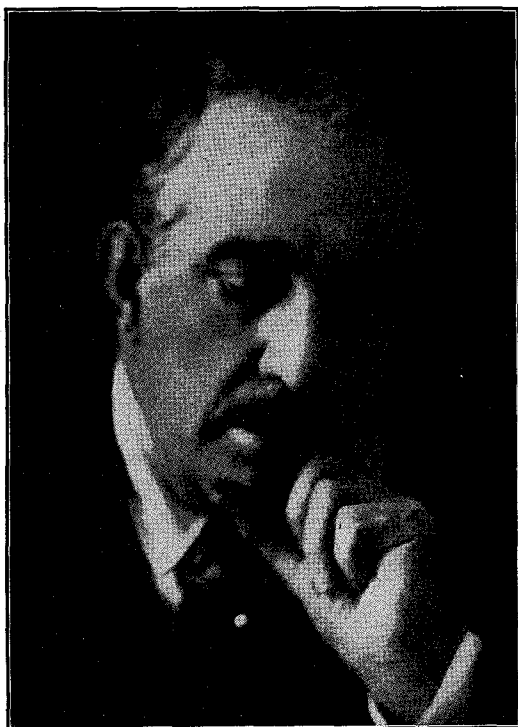
A COMPOSER WITH STAGE-SENSE

By Basil Maine

Puccini.

By Richard Specht. Translated by Catherine Alison Phillips. 10s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

In his study of Brahms, the late Professor Richard Specht had ample room for the exercise of that psychological analysis which was a prominent feature of his criticism. The result, although not convincing in every detail, was extremely enlightening, even to close students of Brahms. To turn from this to a study of Puccini argues an uncommonly wide interest. Specht tells us that he undertook this work as an act of atonement and



Puccini: The Last Portrait.

From "Puccini," by Richard Specht (Dent).

expiation. "I must confess that for a long time . . . it seemed to me impossible to reconcile the shameless theatricality of his libretti with artistic probity and purity. . . . At last however it became evident to me that the cause of this strange lack of focus in our views with regard to the composer and his work was an error of vision, due to a racial difference." In this book the author sets out to correct the error, realising that Puccini's music has been respected by serious musicians the world over, and not only respected but imitated—by d'Albert, for example, and Wolf-Ferrari and von Schillings and Korngold. If we remark that the Professor is sometimes compelled to resort to special pleading in order to make a thoroughly conscientious job of his repentance, this is not to imply that he is insincere; only that he is less at home with Puccini's explosive sensuousness than with the austerity of Brahms. It is not merely that he repeats himself excessively in a search for a word or a phrase that will clinch the matter, for his "Brahms" was marred by the same fault; there "dæmonic" was the obsession, here it is "subtle"—(unless the translator is to be held responsible).

More revealing than the repetitions are the earnest, sometimes naïve attempts at psychological interpretation. Perhaps it is necessary to have lived long in a Viennese environment to believe that the Professor has not over-emphasised the element of sadism in Puccini's music. To make comparison between the composer's love of sport and the cruelty which is the theme of many of the libretti, requires either a complex or a too simple method of reasoning. As for the passage in which the composer's end is likened to an episode in "Tosca," that is an instance of

careless habit of mind which (to me, at least) is almost offensive. "They could not venture upon complete anaesthesia, on account of his weak heart, but only upon a local anaesthetic, in so far as this was possible. He had to be bound, and for three hours and a half on end endured the torture inflicted upon him with heroic composure, experiencing in his own person the torture scene from 'Tosca.'"

The genius of Giacomo Puccini invites a more straightforward discussion than Specht was capable of. It can be approached from many angles. Consider the source of lyrical inspiration upon which this composer never drew in vain; or his melodic idiom, its shape, direction and the intervals it embodies; or again his sense of the theatre. What was this theatre sense in Puccini's case? If music is not to be irrelevant or entirely out of place in the theatre, it must underline or give point to the development of the stage action either by intensifying the atmosphere or by increasing the significance of the characters. For character drawing Puccini had no specific gift. There are exceptions, such as the contrast between Mimi and Musetta in the quartet in Act III of "La Bohème," and the riddle scene in "Turandot." For the most part, however, he was concerned with incident, and with human beings only in so far as they were involved in the incident. He looked therefore for incidents of a general type, those that would make ready appeal to an audience. That is why the libretto of "Tosca"—melodrama of the starkest kind—appealed to him so much. Puccini was nothing if not a realist. Nothing pleased him better than to set to music a situation brought about by the primary human passions, the situation represented by the eternal triangle for instance. Better still when the angles were as acute as in "Tosca."

But if Puccini had no unusual talent for characterisation in music, he had an abundance of that other quality which I have named. In music he could set his stage, paint his scene, light it and create his atmosphere with unerring touch. The winter dawn scene in "La Bohème" is sufficient evidence of his mastery here. In none of his works did he for a moment forget the demands of theatre-environment. No other composer shows us quite so clearly that stage-sense is essentially a practical attitude of mind. When I visited Puccini's villa at Torre del Lago last spring and met there the composer's son, I was impressed by the fact that his appearance was that of a good-looking business man. Puccini too had something of that look; it is consistent with the realism which was the basis of his passionate lyrical flights. Because of this realism Professor Specht denies him a place in the first rank. The question need not arise. Puccini never asked for anything more than an excuse for rapturous singing, an emotional stress strong enough to justify his characters bursting into the songs he had made for them. He could always make his creatures at home whether they were in Japan, Paris, China or the Golden West.

BEETHOVEN

Beethoven As He Lived.

By Richard Specht. Translated by Alfred Kalisch. 15s. (Macmillan.)

This is a very large mountain, and the mouse is very small, though what there is of it is mainly sound. Herr Specht has a nebulous style, and he repeats himself, roughly, nine hundred and ninety-nine times. What he repeats however is generally good sense; and it is a pity that it is buried deep in so baffling a mass of verbiage. Reading this book is rather like searching for the needle in the haystack, only in this case the needle has been broken up into a thousand splinters, each of which has to be discovered separately before the whole can be put

together. Matters are made worse by the translation—vague, ambiguous, always stilted and sometimes inaccurate. But in spite of all this there is no denying that having ploughed through these three hundred and fifty odd pages one is more acutely aware of the essential figure of the composer, which is the author's sole intention. One has, so to speak, lived with him for a spell. If Herr Specht had taken three hundred pages less he would have produced an excellent little monograph, very much to the point, and far more likely to be read than this present volume. He has set out to portray Beethoven as a man, both as revealed through his music and through what we know of his private and social life. The narrative is not consecutive, and in no way is the book a formal biography; nor does Herr Specht indulge in any specific criticism of the composer's works. In spite of its multitudinous defects it is an interesting book; and certainly any book which can make Beethoven appear the palpable human being that undoubtedly he was should be welcome.

Herr Specht is particularly deserving of our admiration because he has not been afraid to declare Beethoven a great man. And this in an age of carping mediocrity, which is afraid of all greatness and hysterically denies it when confronted with it, is a brave achievement; an achievement wholly commendable when it is seen that Specht is not in the least afraid of calling attention to the more unpleasant aspects of the man's character; for it is the usual custom either to whitewash a man out of all recognition or else to sink him in mud—both procedures being based on a childish notion that a fallible human being cannot achieve greatness. Specht, however, recognises the fact that Beethoven could live happily in a pigsty without his essential greatness being diminished. Beethoven was not great simply because he had a gift for composing. His greatness is to be measured by his capacity for suffering and for overcoming obstacles. Beethoven's detractors—some of them—realise this, and so deny that he suffered at all, declaring that he was merely the inanimate pipe through which the music flowed from the Great Reservoir, and twisting Ernest Newman's "Unconscious Beethoven" to fit their own limited understandings.

One of Herr Specht's triumphs is that he has the sense to see that Beethoven's deafness, far from ruining his later work—as is still complacently supposed by many people, including certain professional critics—was to posterity a blessing in disguise. He also pours deserved contempt upon the theoreticians who blindly divide the composer's work into three clear-cut periods, and indicates that Beethoven did nothing towards the end of his life but compress and distil—and, incidentally, that his deafness, cutting off all enjoyment of sensuous sound, hastened this process of compression. Anyone with an ear in his head can hear in Beethoven's earliest music forecasts of his maturest idiom; and one can only assume that those who ascribe certain passages in the posthumous quartets to the composer's failing faculties are themselves lacking in musical sense and sensibility, and are actually blaming the troubles of their own shortcomings on to the composer.

Because of its virtues, one wishes indeed that this book was more straightforwardly and attractively written, and more competently translated; but anybody who is bewildered about the true nature of Beethoven should find it enlightening, and, apart from certain sentimentalities, honest and true.

EDWARD CRANKSHAW.

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PARIS-LOVERS LOOK AT LONDON

By E. Beresford Chancellor

The London Roundabout.

By Jan and Cora Gordon. ros. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

Those who are acquainted with the authors' former books—"Star Dust in Hollywood" and "Three Lands on Three Wheels"—will be prepared to find, in this their latest work, entertainment and information. So much has been written about London from a topographical and architectural point of view, that it is quite refreshing to wander with the Gordons into those regions where humanity means more than bricks and mortar, and the diversities of human nature take the place of architectural orders; and it is a relief—at least many I feel sure will find it so—to read about the life of London without being bombarded with the revered names of John Stow or Christopher Wren.

The London lover will not perhaps be altogether pleased at the obvious preference the writers show for the Paris whence they descended into our midst and criticised our manifold shortcomings. But we are by now used to this. To read the criticisms of those who visit or settle in our midst, one would think that there are few things we manage properly, and it would seem that it is anywhere but in London that the true art of living has been achieved. Our houses are wrong; our way of the road is wrong; the police management of the traffic wrong; even the beauty of Hyde Park could not extort a word of praise, and our tired writers only noted there the pallid, attentive faces of talkers and listeners under the dark patches of the trees. When a habitat is found it is one in which "rich Victorian merchants had drunk their port or had held their *salons*, in which bewhiskered snobs had posed and bragged before the ringleted snobesses in crinolines." But why necessarily snobs or snobesses? The poor old Victorian days that have apparently so much to answer for seem ever to certain writers a sort of nine-pins which want knocking over with the coco-nuts of indiscriminate criticism.

Nor do the Gordons find more up-to-date things quite as they should be, and our Metropolitan railway is compared unfavourably with the Paris Metro in which you can go round and round (should you ever want to) like a squirrel in a cage for a less sum than you can in London. Nor are we happier, it would appear, in our arrangement of streets and houses, for "the house you are looking for has no number, but a foolish name; nor are there numbers to any houses in the road, but only other foolish names"; while our authors find, for some reason I fail to understand, the very name of Bayswater "oddly repellent."

As in the case of so many who come and settle in an environment which they find alien and lacking in the amenities of other lands, one wonders why the writers of this book ever left Paris which they obviously love so much as to be blind to its shortcomings, to that Petty France's linguistic association with which would have caused them to choose that spot as their place of residence but that (I quote again) "it looked beyond our means."

I who also have lived other than as a visitor in Paris, and love it, can appreciate much of what is said in the earlier chapters of this book about it; and the studio

with its rather "Ouida"-like collection of decorative objects (see page 76) which was regrettably left, recalls those past days which have, perhaps through the *series annorum*, achieved a rather fictitious glory in one's mind. But when the Gordons visualise London as a "horror of stairs," one cannot but remember those Parisian dwellings up whose interminable *escaliers* one was wont to climb to rooms which the art of Xavier de Maistre and Béranger has invested with a romance not intrinsically their own.

But notwithstanding these debatable subjects—about which you may argue to your heart's content—"The London Roundabout" is full of sound criticism and illuminating character sketches. This kind of auto-topobiographical book enables its writers to enlarge on so many subjects that even if one chapter is labelled "Wool-



Spanish Melon-Eaters.

From "The London Roundabout," by Jan and Cora Gordon (Harrap).

worths," and another "A Lecture in South Bromley," you may be sure of finding entertainment and much excellent common sense, as well as little vignettes (see the chapter on the Caledonian Market and that entitled "Moving In") of character which show that the writers can recognise the humours of the citizens and record it with a delightfully witty appreciation. In a chapter on "The Hobby Horse," although it begins with a statement that "Sterne is the most English of English writers"—to which not all of us will, I think, subscribe—you will discover some particularly amusing reflections; and one is pleased to find that "that universal good humour which is so marked a characteristic of the Londoner" is done justice to.

Apart from the letterpress the authors have illustrated their book with a variety of quaint and often attractive sketches of places and people, one of the best (as it seems to me) being that depicting the mistress of the house exhibiting a coffee grinder to her two astonished maids. It is perhaps more significant of the essential difference between the British and Gallic mind than anything else in the book.

A NEW ANTHOLOGY

The Albatross Book of Living Verse.
 Edited by Louis Untermeyer. 5s. (Collins.)

This anthology comprises in general the neatest and the most exhaustive compilation of poetry I have handled for some time. Apart from a minority of dubious or disadvantageous moves, enumerated below, the editor, Mr. Untermeyer, should gain the approval of "poetic" adolescents and "literary" adults.

In this edition, specifically prepared for European readers, a number of rather quixotic departures have been indulged in; principally that of adding titles to poems written without them, a habit which frequently produces absurdity—e.g. to call the lyric, "Take, O take those lips away" by the name "Seals of Love," or the sonnet, "The expense of spirit in a waste of shame" by the name "Past Reason." Comment on such delinquencies as these should be directed at the editor.

The renderings or "versions" of Chaucer—printed, one must add, opposite the literal texts—apart from being an indictable and rather stupid practice, read very badly; as badly indeed as would Mr. Yeats's poetry if rendered into fourteenth century English. Having no scholastic knowledge of the English of that century, I experience little difficulty in drawing clear meanings, complete poetry from the originals; other readers, unless unduly obdurate to words, should find it equally as easy; I feel certain, have found it equally as easy.

The lines:

"Full worthy was he in his lordes werre
 And thereto had he riden (no man ferre)
 As well in Cristendom as hethenesse,
 And ever honoured for his worthinesse . . ."

do not receive adequate transcription in the lines:

"His lord's war had established him in worth;
 He rode—and no man further—ends of earth,
 In heathen parts as well as Christendom,
 Honored wherever he might go or come . . ."

I wish that Mr. Untermeyer had lost the MS. of his transcriptions, and printed twice as much of the originals.

Why, unless to precipitate American poetry into an unwon equality of position with the greatest English poetry, does the editor reprint over three pages of Ralph Waldo Emerson and barely two pages of Gerard Manley Hopkins? "Louis Untermeyer," the publishers inform, "has at last given its rightful place to American poetry." The rightful place for American poetry (i.e. poetry which could have been written by no writer save an American) is an American anthology; it cannot surely be right to graft into the enormous tradition of English poetry the work of poets of a nation whose continual insistence that they comprise a new nation is fundamentally true. That the language they use and our language are one has never been entirely so; only through modulations and adjustments of English can the American hope to evolve a tongue which will unambiguously and faithfully interpret the modulations and adjustments to new phenomena his spirits have experienced and daily experience.

So much for Mr. Untermeyer's dubious or disadvantageous moves, upon which, considering the excellence of the anthology as a whole, one can turn a partially blind eye. The total fact is that between its covers we have nearly six hundred and fifty pages of mostly superb poetry, purchasable for five shillings—a fact that disposes or ought to dispose one immediately in the publisher's favour. It is compact, well printed and of convenient size; the inclusion of an admirable collection of old ballads and anonymous lyrics, even if somewhat garbled or bowdlerised in text, will please; and the extent and diligence of indexes, of authors, titles, first lines, forms and types exceeds belief. I regret only two misdemeanours: the usage of the lyric entitled "Tulips," and the exclusion, common as seems the inclusion in anthologies, of probably the finest ballad extant, "Helen of Kirconnell."

GEORGE BARKER.

THE ARYAN PATH

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The Collector

THE REVEREND WILLIAM GILPIN

By Iolo A. Williams

Topographical books are a good deal out of fashion at present—chiefly, I think, because so many of them are large folios or quartos, often in several volumes, such as are not easily to be accommodated in most modern homes. Also, though to a less extent, the reason for this neglect may be in the style of the typical illustrations to such books, detailed and careful records of the appearance of places and buildings. These are often works of real art (as well as of great skill), but they are not landscapes of the imaginative type that is generally preferred to-day. If these are the reasons for the comparative neglect of topographical works to-day, then there should surely still be collectors interested in the publications of the Reverend William Gilpin, whose writings appeared in octavo, and whose illustrations—the work of his own brush and reed pen—were not so much accurate representations of places as notes of their general character and picturesque qualities. He has moreover the further advantage (from a collector's point of view) that one can accurate without great difficulty not only his printed books with their plates, but also occasionally the original drawings for the latter and, more commonly, his other unengraved landscape sketches. He therefore attracts one's collecting instincts in several ways.

William Gilpin was born at Scaleby Castle, near Carlisle, on June 4th, 1724. In 1740 he went to Queen's College, Oxford, where he spent six or seven years. He was ordained in 1746, and became curate of Irthington, in Cumberland, but soon came south and acquired a school at Cheam, in Surrey. In 1777 he became vicar of Boldre, in the New Forest, where he lived until his death in 1804. He was a man of great goodness of character, conscientious in his parochial duties and, both at Cheam and at Boldre, something of an educational reformer. An interesting account of the school which he founded in his Hampshire parish, in order to counteract the laxity of a community which lived largely upon poaching in the Forest, is given in his "Two Essays," 8vo (1804). This village school Gilpin endowed with the proceeds of two sales of his manuscripts and drawings—one on May 6th, 1802, and another in 1804. His sketches are often found blind-stamped with the initials "W. G.", but whether this indicates that they formed part of one of these sales, or whether the stamp was put on by his executors (as is often the case with such stamps), I do not know.

Gilpin wrote a large number of books of various kinds,

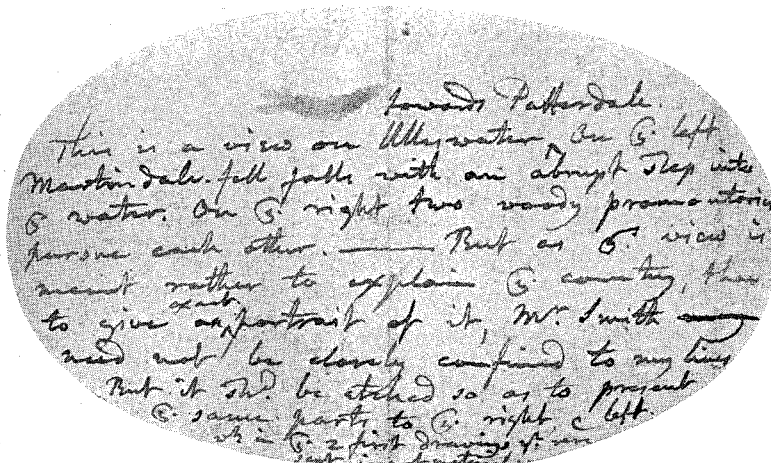
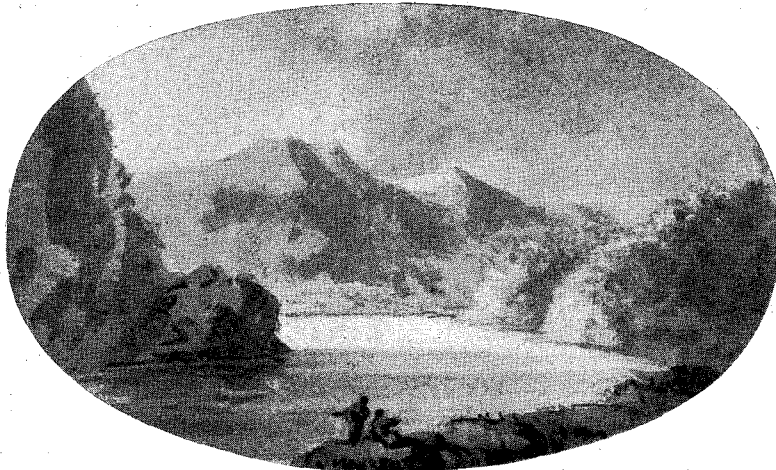
with most of which I am not here concerned. His first artistic publication was an "Essay on Prints," issued in 1768 and several times reprinted. But his writings on and illustrations of English landscape began to appear in 1782, when there was published "Observations on the River Wye, and Several Parts of South Wales, etc., relative chiefly to Picturesque Beauty; made in the Summer of the Year 1770." 8vo. The first edition of this book contains fifteen plates, reproducing, in his favourite oval shape,

sketches by the author. They are a mixture of etching and aquatint, and are the work of "a young man, a relation of mine, who has not yet had experience enough to execute the several details with that masterly freedom which I could wish: but his endeavours, I hope, have been tolerably successful in giving, what is more essential, the effect of the whole."

Who this young relation was I am not clear. It can hardly have been the author's brother, Sawrey Gilpin, later R.A., the famous animal painter, who was then forty-nine. Perhaps it was Sawrey's son, William Sawrey Gilpin, who in 1782 was twenty, and later became the first president of the "Old" Water-Colour Society. In any event William Gilpin seems not to have been entirely pleased with the plates, for in the second edition (1789) they were executed afresh entirely in aquatint, by "a very ingenious artist, Mr. Jukes in Howland Street, who

has done them, I think, full justice." Personally, however, I prefer the original plates for this book, the etched lines in particular adding a good deal, and reproducing effectively the touches of the reed-pen that are so characteristic of Gilpin's original drawings.

Similar alteration of plates between one edition and another occurs elsewhere among Gilpin's publications, but there is not here space to go into the matter fully—the collector must study the books for himself. I may perhaps here remark that I am, in this brief article, approaching Gilpin's books chiefly through their plates, because his artistic merits were so much more considerable than his literary gifts. As a writer he is sometimes obscure, frequently prosy, and much more inclined to discuss the aesthetics of the landscape than to give us those records of manners and customs, and of the details of daily life, which make old books of travel interesting. Sometimes we get a pleasant touch as this about a Leicestershire sport, introduced rather oddly at the end of the two-volume account of his tour in



An Original Illustration by William Gilpin,
with his instructions to the engraver on the back.

Cumberland and Westmorland, first published in 1789. Leicester, he tells us, is

“The place for that noble species of diversion, to which the inventive genius of our young sportsmen hath given the name of *Steeple-hunting*.. In a dearth of game, the chasseurs draw up in a body, and pointing to some conspicuous steeple, set off, in full speed towards it, over hedge and ditch. He who is so happy as to arrive first, receives equal honour, it is said, as if he had come in foremost at the death of the fox.”

In the same book, too, we get an unintentionally entertaining contrast between the picturesque qualities of cows and horses, assuring us that “in a *picturesque light* the cow has undoubtedly the advantage, and is every way better suited to receive the graces of the pencil.” This point is illustrated by plates etched by his brother Sawrey, and eventually William solemnly informs us that

“Cows are commonly the most picturesque in the months of April and May, when the old hair is coming off.”

Incidentally it is somewhat odd to note that, though these passages show that Gilpin appreciated the contemporary distinction between the beautiful and the picturesque (a subject upon which Mr. Christopher Hussey wrote a delightful book a few years ago), he constantly uses the hybrid phrase, “picturesque beauty” in his titles.

Several times Gilpin emphasises the fact that he does not intend his illustrations to be “portraits” of the places to which they refer. Often I think—especially in his unengraved work—the views depicted are entirely imaginary. Several of his drawings in the Victoria and Albert Museum carry explanatory inscriptions in his handwriting on their backs, showing this. On one drawing, for example, we read that a conic mountain which appears “may be supposed to be a peculiar feature of the country.” Recently I found in a dealer’s portfolio the original drawing for one of the Lakeland views, with Gilpin’s instructions to the engraver on its back. I quote these here as showing the degree of accuracy or inaccuracy which Gilpin aimed at in his views :

“This is a view on Ullswater towards Patterdale. On the left Martindale fell falls with an abrupt step into the water. On the right two woody promontories pursue each other. . . . But as the view is meant rather to explain the country than to give an exact portrait of it, Mr. Smith need not be closely confined to my lines. But it sh^d be etched so as to present the same parts to the right and left ; which in the first 2 drawings that were sent is not material.”

Gilpin drawings are not at all rare. His best work is quite unmistakable in style, and there are moreover often guides such as the stamped initials already mentioned, or inscriptions in his writing—which, once seen, can never be confused with any other. There are also sometimes to be found drawings which are either by Gilpin working in not quite his usual style, or copies of his work—and it is not always easy to decide which.

Already I have written too much. My space is exhausted, if my readers are not. I can only therefore mention that in 1791 Gilpin published his “Remarks on Forest Scenery” (two volumes, 8vo); and, in 1792, a collection of “Three Essays” (8vo), which concluded with a blank verse poem on “Landscape Painting.” He also issued volumes on the scenery of Scotland, East Anglia, the West Country and the South Coast. So that the Gilpin collector will have plenty to go on with before turning his attention to the Vicar of Boldre’s writings on other topics.

RECENT CATALOGUES

Messrs. Dobell’s catalogue number 132, issued from their shop at 8, Bruton Street, W.1, contains a number of books from the Rosebery and Denison libraries, both sold at Sotheby’s during the summer. From the first source comes the rare “Bath Miscellany for the Year 1740,” printed at Bath in 1741, for which £3 10s. is asked. There are first editions of Fielding, Goldsmith, Ford, Gray, Peacock, Swift, Wycherley and other famous English authors. A collection of six plays by Mrs. Behn, from the library of the famous seventeenth-century bibliophile, Narcissus Luttrell, is priced £25. As often in this firm’s lists, Dryden makes a particularly good showing.

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More Rosebery books occur in Mr. Thomas Thorp's list 165, which comes from the shop he has recently opened at 5, Old Bond Street. Among these is a finely extra-illustrated copy of Manning and Bray's "History of Surrey" (1804), which is priced £80. This same copy was sold by auction in 1889 for £120—which shows the fall that has taken place in the value of the bulky topographical works, a fall all the more remarkable because books as a whole have risen enormously in price. More than thirty closely printed pages are devoted to book-plates—and these only represent a small fraction of Mr. Thorp's stock, the bulk of which is at his Guildford establishment. Most of these book-plates are offered at very low prices.

Mr. Bernard Halliday, of 1, King Richard's Road, Leicester, sends a catalogue (166) devoted to Political Economy, Social History, and the like. His subject index includes a pleasing medley of sub-headings—amongst others Agriculture, Cemeteries, Deaf and Dumb, Fabian Society, Marriage, Slave Trade and Tontine Loan. The last contains but a single item—a bound folio volume containing the original manuscript of the Tontine Loan scheme, said to have been prepared for Pitt's use in 1789. This costs £4 10s.

A pretty little list of Children's Books comes from

Messrs. J. Kyrle Fletcher, Ltd., of The Bridge, Newport, Monmouthshire. Just over two hundred books are offered. A run of the first editions of Kate Greenaway's "Almanacks" (1883-1895) is marked ten guineas. Five guineas are asked for the first edition, in the original boards, with labels, of Maria Edgeworth's "Harry and Lucy Concluded"; being the last part of "Early Lessons" (1825).

Mr. Bertram Rota, of 76a, Davies Street, W.1, is a bookseller who specialises in modern first editions, and in his catalogue 31 he has not deserted them. An interesting and unusual section is that given up to the works of that enormously popular racing novelist, Nat Gould, who died in 1919. Mr. Rota states that first editions of this writer are "very uncommon"—which is what one would expect of a popular novelist of his type, with no airs and graces of style to attract the contemporary collector and save his first editions from being read to pieces. "Banker and Broker" (1893) is priced seven shillings and sixpence, and "Stuck Up" (1894), a presentation copy from the author to his wife, £1 5s. Three of Gould's manuscripts are offered at prices ranging from thirty shillings to two guineas. It is stated moreover that there is only one other complete manuscript of Gould's in existence.

"WHO'S HITLER?"

By Collin Brooks

My Struggle.

By Adolf Hitler. 18s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The late Frank Richardson created once, in some forgotten novel, a pair of official detectives whose technique was to demand from the suspect a statement, to take it down "all wrong," alter it and then use it in evidence against him. Something of this kind must have happened with the translator into English of Hitler's apologia. One feels of it, as the Scot felt of the dictionary, that it is "interesting, but gey disconnectit."

One conviction however emerges strongly. Hitler is the genuine fanatic with a mission. Here is no mere ambitionist, no vulgar careerist. Here is a man convinced, with Napoleon, that he is not a man but a force—and a force destined to save not Germany alone, but the world.

The original work was written, like one or two other famous displays of personality, in prison. It was devised in 1924 in the fortress of Landsberg am Lech, and it shows the growth in Hitler of his double call to action—the call to unify the scattered German race and the call to save the world from the tyranny of the Jews.

So much of a mystic is the man that he sees in the fact that his birthplace was on the frontier between two German states some providential circumstance, justifying his rôle of redeemer of Germans from accidental state entities imposed upon them by past politics.

The development of the house-painter to the dictator is revealed, but it is of minor importance in this book. The real drama that is unfolded is that of the development of adolescent tenderness into mature hardness—the awakening of the mind to what an observer might call prejudices, but what Hitler must feel to be God-given convictions. The realisation that the dominance of the Jews meant the corrosion of Germany gave the real twist to Hitler's career.

The Jew, always and everywhere, desires the perpetual economic debasement of the state. In Germany the Jews desired to bolshevise the nation as a preliminary to world conquest. This is the *idée fixe* and this the central spring of action.

And almost as deadly as Jewry, the trade union stirs him still as it stirred him at his mental awakening:

"The primary object of the Trades Union system is not to fight in any war between classes, but Marxism forged it into an instrument for its own class war. Marxism created the economic weapon, which the international Jew employs for destroying the economic basis of free and independent national States, for ruining their national industry and trade; its object being to make free nations slaves of the world finance of Jewry, which knows no State boundaries."

The pathologists of course have a name for a man so obsessed.

Hitler sincerely does not want war. But he wants security against Jewry and, by the most amazing coincidence, the nation allied most openly to Jewry appears to be France:

"Great Britain does not desire a France whose military power, unrestrained by the rest of Europe, might cover a policy likely one day to run counter to British interests [he writes]. France's military predominance presses sorely on the heart of the world Empire of Great Britain."

From the dicta of policy which scatter the pages of this book it would seem that, in the Jihad against Jewry, Britain and Italy are to ally themselves to an awakened Germany, and France is to be compelled by moral suasion to keep herself humble.

Unsatisfactory as this book is as a connected story of Hitler's growth—it is little more than a third of the German original—it does at least dispel the conception of Hitler as a demagogue made dictator by accident. He is more like Mahomet than Simon Tapertit. He is in essence a preacher—he applauds the spoken above the written word—and he is above all else intoxicated by the belief that to him has fallen the lot of saviour of society. His apparently intense nationalism is really an intense internationalism, for he would restore Germany to one clean racial state only that he may persuade all other communities to follow that example.

For the English reader the enigma of Hitlerism begins as this book is read to reclarify itself. The question becomes triune. Is the possible enslavement of the world by Jewry a worse prospect than the possible enslavement of the world by Nazism, with its reliance upon physical brutality? Is there no *via media* between the one extreme and the other? Is the history of Jewry, after all, the history—as Hitler reads it—of the enslavement and degradation of the non-Jewish races, or is it a history of services rendered by alien to sheltering communities rewarded by the gift of free citizenship?

There is yet another question. If the thumbscrew and the rack did not conquer Jewry, will the bludgeon and the branding-iron be any more potent? Can ideas be battled down by arms? To these questions Herr Hitler's book says "Yes." But the mouth of history says "No."

AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

The Tribulations of a Baronet.
By Timothy Eden. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

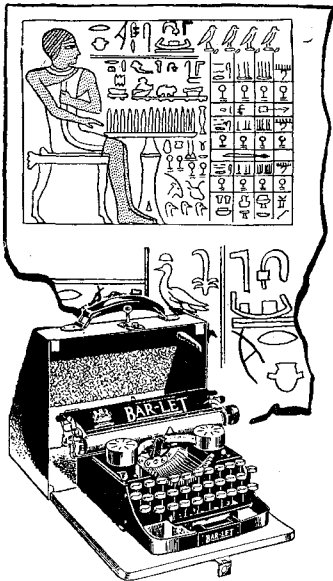
In this volume, the ensemble of which is so quiet and non-committal with its fine paper, beautiful print, neat, serviceable binding and plain dust-cover unostentatiously serving the purpose for which it was designed, we read a tragedy so unlike the appearance of the book that at times we feel as if sheer irascibility or a superabundance of vitality in the ghost of Sir William Eden will tear through those careful pages and splash a water colour on to that dun-coloured dust cover. And yet this unobtrusiveness is instinct with the passing of the class to which Sir William Eden belonged, is instinct with the very thing which prevented him being a genius or even a first-class artist or sportsman. Perhaps if he had had less of the genius or less of the country gentleman he would have made more mark in the world of fame ; there was too much of both in him, and one instinct suppressed the other. His was a life of suppression, of inhibitions. He was half artist, half sportsman. He was a man born to be without a doubt, and yet an artist. Could anything be more conflicting, more tragic ?

The book opens with a prologue, a glimpse at the character of Sir William's father which makes us want more. We would like to have other extracts from the diary fuller than those quoted ; but it serves its purpose as an introductory explanation to the character of Sir William himself. The book deals little with facts, and few dates are mentioned and few people. We read however for the first time Sir William's version of the now nearly forgotten but once famous quarrel with Whistler over the portrait of his wife, the beautiful Lady Eden. We get a few extracts from letters, the most charming of which are addressed to old servants. There is an appreciation of Sir William as a sportsman by another great sportsman, George Lambton. But it is as a character sketch—which is all the author claims for it—that the book succeeds. We feel as we read that we know and understand this lonely old aristocrat, who should have been either an autocrat or a bohemian, but could never be either with any consistency. We follow him into his garden, we hear the sound of his horn, we share the wild ride across country after his hounds, we watch him at the covert side, we stand beside him painting in churches during the hours of divine service. We understand the irascibility, we feel the kind-heartedness which is described for us in these pages. We realise he was indeed one who shot "a splendid arrow wildly at the skies." The book is a fine portrait of what a great gentleman always is, in spite of eccentricities, almost in spite of himself.

In speaking of his relations with working men Sir Timothy Eden writes : "He behaved to them, not as a benevolent superior to creatures on a different plane, but with the wildness, the brutality, even the injustice sometimes, of a man like themselves. He could enter into all their work and understand it. They could not for an instant deceive him, and he would put up with no kind of nonsense. But he sympathised with them and was generous to them, and joked with them and damned them and praised them whole-heartedly, without *arrière pensée* or embarrassment. . . . He treated his servants as individuals with characters and minds of their own, not as machines. He was no more impossible with his valet than with his wife, nor with his gardener than with his best friend"—and although his family and his friends gradually forsook him, his fits of unreasonable rage driving them away, his servants remained faithful to a great gentleman in spite of all.

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THE REAL SHERIDAN

Harlequin Sheridan : The Man and the Legends.

By R. Crompton Rhodes. 12s. 6d. (Blackwell.)

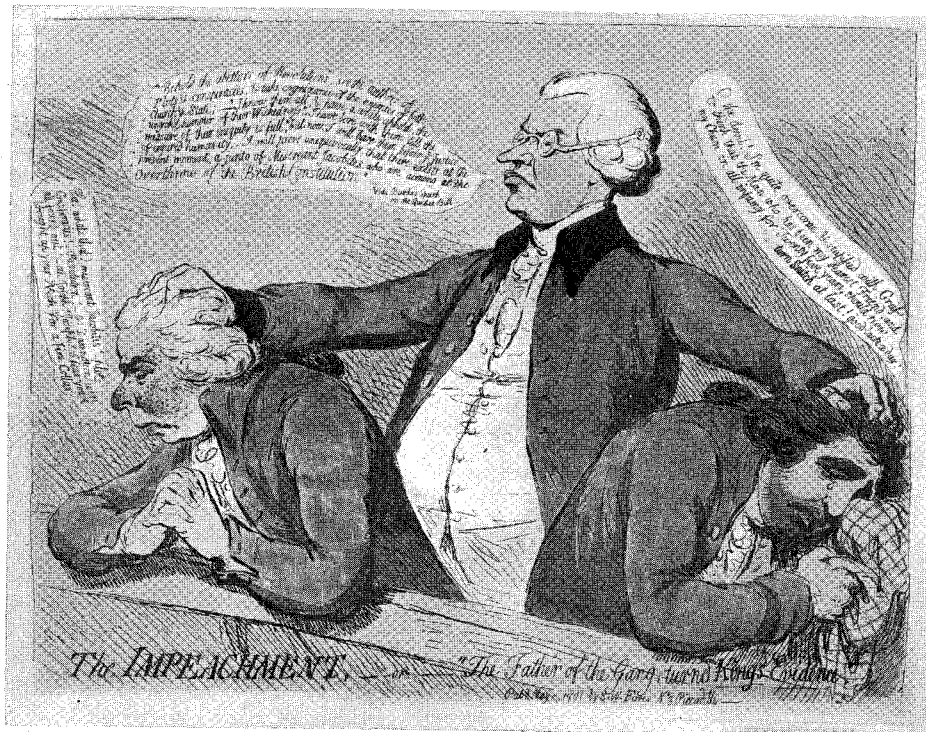
IN 1928 Mr. Crompton Rhodes published his edition of the plays and poems of R. B. Sheridan, and now, nearly six years later, appears the companion biography. Mr. Rhodes has quite rightly been at pains to present an accurate account of the known facts of his hero's life, and has spared us all the usual claptrap that goes to make the Wardour Street "atmosphere" in which the general run of eighteenth century biographies languish. If the result is a trifle dull that is nothing but a well merited rebuke to Sheridan's later biographers; the book might indeed have been entitled "Debunking Sheridan," for there is not very much left of this former idol after Mr. Rhodes's facts have undermined the airy foundations of the great Sheridan legend. The facts are there, and nothing but the facts; new material is produced: "Sherry" is, let us hope, finally put in his place. What that place is may be still a matter for argument, but that it is a good deal lower down the steps of the temple of fame than that formally assigned to Sheridan there can be little doubt.

There are certain irreducible foundations for his claims upon posterity. He was an honest and disinterested politician, possessing, even at the cost of his exclusion from the House, an independence almost unique among eighteenth century parliamentarians; he was a true and valuable friend to the Regent; he wrote at least two of the finest comedies in the language, and possessed the most brilliant wit of his time. But against all this must be put his very grievous faults as a man. Drunken, debauched, dishonest, unfortunately we cannot, any more than his contemporaries could, deny him to be; and as he grew older his failings grew more and more marked; his brains suffered at the expense of his senses. What is there, judged by such of them as have come down to us in his most admired orations, but a liquorous rant, cant and fury? As Pitt scathingly remarked of Pizarro: "If you mean what Sheridan has written, there is nothing new in it, for I heard it all long ago at Hastings's

trial." The denunciation of a Hastings and the rodomontades of Drury Lane were of a piece.

Yet there must have been something very fascinating about Sheridan. A man whose charm could keep the friendship of so fickle and touchy a master as the Regent must have been more than a drunken ranter. Mr. Rhodes has ably disposed of the accusations of cold-blooded cruelty, desertion and neglect of an old friend that have been for so long cast up on Sheridan's

account against his master. As Mr. Rhodes is able to prove, George IV was almost the only one of Sheridan's former companions and admirers who made the slightest attempt to alleviate the miserable horrors of his death-bed, and because his help was given anonymously—with that rare tact for which he was notable—the



Sheridan, Burke, Fox, 1791.

From "Harlequin Sheridan," by R. Crompton Rhodes (Blackwell).

king has been for a hundred years traduced and vilified.

It was an unconscious irony that decreed to Sheridan his grave in Westminster Abbey. All his life he tried to live down the reproach of being a player's son and a writer of comedies and revues, and to take the place amongst the statesmen and orators to which he felt himself entitled. His ghost could not have laughed to see his body laid beside Goldsmith and parted from Fox by the whole width of the transepts.

THE PRINCE CONSORT

The Prince Consort and His Brother : Two Hundred New Letters.

Edited by Hector Bolitho. 15s. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

Mr. Bolitho admits at the start that his hero never was a great letter-writer, and claims nothing for this collection save that it supplements his "Albert the Good." Prim and stilted as they are, these letters have a straightforward candour and fill in the background to the full-length portrait.

We hear very little of public affairs except when they cause personal inconvenience, for these prudent, affectionate letters are mostly concerned with the Coburg family. And what a family! The father had divorced his wife, and each had married again—a fact which disconcerted his sons

when they came to plan a splendid tomb for the dynasty, in the lifetime of their father's widow and of their mother's widower. The Duke's avarice was equalled only by his ambition, and Albert had his work cut out when his father plagued him with requests for English pensions and royal dignities. Ernst II was in every way a contrast to his younger brother Albert, for he was a spendthrift and libertine, far more his parents' son than the nephew of Uncle Leopold. It fell to Albert to smooth away family quarrels and to pay his brother's debts, so it is no wonder that he lectured Ernst on his duties as heir to Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. He even promoted the match with Alexandrine of Baden in the hope that she would be a counsellor nearer home. The marriage was childless, and Albert's second son, Alfred, was trained to succeed to the throne of England should anything happen to Bertie, and to that of Coburg should anything not happen to Bertie; to make his future quite sure he was also sent to sea, despite his seasickness. We do not know how Ernst received the good advice which the conscientious Albert gave so freely. He appears to have left many letters unanswered, but kept them carefully and deposited them in the Coburg archives, where they have remained undisturbed until now.

In the long correspondence we see the doubtful battle between Albert and public opinion that lasted from his boyhood to his premature old age, and we notice the development of the patient melancholy that was his reaction to the suspicions of court and country. "My future lot is high and brilliant, but also plentifully strewn with thorns," he knew; he was homesick for Coburg, but resolved to make the best of his almost impossible position. His ever increasing family gave him some pride ("Christmas Eve was entirely German and *gemütlich*," he was thankful to say), but his only real satisfaction lay in that assiduous interest in affairs of state with which he had no official concern, which won first the tolerance and then the respect of the Queen's ministers. After eighteen years of drudgery he was granted the rank as Consort, which was refused him at his marriage. It came too late to give him much pleasure, although it put an end to the anxiety lest Bertie, when he grew up, should look down upon his father as a petty German prince. Albert did not live to see the Prince of Wales driven to inevitable opposition.

Prince Albert's sense of humour was not much developed, and the only gleam is a description of a Winterhalter group—it is not even clear that this was meant to be funny. Side-lights on court life are amusing enough—Stockmar outwits Lehzen "in spite of her dreadful counter-intrigues"; Albert worsts the eccentric King of Hanover and gets the better of cock-a-hoop Palmerston; Princess Alice makes her first communion on a Good Friday.

Albert's admirable discretion shows in many of the little things about which he tells Ernst. He declines an order from one sovereign in order to avoid giving offence to another; he advises Ernst to give Alexandrine pin-money; he has a regard for "the English way of keeping Sunday and the scruples belonging to it," and cannot bring himself to countenance a ball or opera when he spends a Sunday at Coburg in 1845—but times change, and Bertie can go to the play in 1860 if he has first been to church.

Mr. Bolitho prefaces each year's correspondence with adequate notes, his information on foreign affairs being less valuable than his knowledge of home politics. On page 84 he repeats old scandals about Don Francisco de Assis with convicting dogmatism, but the only certain things about Don Francisco are that he was not certified, and that he was presumed to be the father of his wife's children in spite of the rumoured impotence. Louis Philippe was never King of France, as on page 73, but "of the French," as on page 83—a calculated difference less trivial in 1830 than to-day.

"The Prince Consort and His Brother" is well indexed and beautifully illustrated. Particularly happy is the frontispiece of Prince Albert, in white gloves and the star of the Garter, performing at Frogmore his well-known feat of skating on thin ice.

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SENSITIVE ADVENTURER

By Hugh Kingsmill

The Gospel of the Sun.

By Alain Gerbault. 10s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Land That God Gave Cain: An Account of H. G. Watkins's Labrador Expedition.

By J. M. Scott. 12s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

Mr. Scott's account of his expedition to Labrador with H. G. Watkins is somewhat detailed for the general reader. It contains, especially in the appendix, much information of the highest value to those who wish to explore Labrador, but it does not picture Labrador very vividly for those who wish to visit Labrador only in the imagination. Fortunately the photographs are excellent. The one of the Muskrat Falls, for instance, gives the reader a thrill which he will not get from Mr. Scott's "The Muskrat falls are decidedly spectacular, although they consist more of a steep gradient than drop of water."

The baldness of Mr. Scott's style seems to be due to an affectation of understatement rather than to natural insensibility. Mr. Scott admires Kipling and has borrowed Kipling's pose of the heroic Englishman unconscious of his own heroism. "This strange business of exploration," Mr. Scott writes, "in which, it appeared, one would perform great feats of physical endurance that depended rather on the inebriation of idealism than the nourishment of good solid food. It looked like an interesting experiment." The Elizabethan adventurers wrote naturally of their feats, but their modern descendants have inherited the Puritan shrinking from self-glorification; a shrinking which does not imply genuine humility. When Cromwell called himself "a poor worm," everyone in his vicinity braced himself to endure some more than usually overbearing act of self-assertion. If Mr. Scott would write spontaneously he could give us a really interesting book.

Alain Gerbault's "Gospel of the Sun" is a sequel to the book in which he described how he sailed alone round the world some years ago—perhaps the most extraordinary voyage ever achieved. "I am pleased to know," he writes in the introduction, "that when this book will be published I shall again be alone on the high seas, for I hope that people will understand that I am not court- ing dignities or honours, but that, wishing to be a sailor and nothing more, my only aim is to be worthy of the surname that Kim enjoyed: 'friend of all the world.'"

By "all the world" Gerbault means all the world excluding Europe and all countries that have accepted modern civilisation. "I am wild and shy," he says elsewhere, "and perpetually on the defensive, for I cannot bear to have my ideas and opinions discussed. That is why I prefer to live unto myself intellectually, and seek the society of primitive peoples and children, for with them I can play, happy and unrestrained."

A friend of Gerbault's, quoted in this book, complains that Gerbault insists too much on the misdeeds of our civilisation. But Gerbault's case against the Europeanisation of the Polynesians is unanswerable. Here are some of the facts which he adduces. In the Marquesas eighteen hundred inhabitants are all that remain of a population that exceeded a hundred thousand when the first explorers visited the island. In Tahiti hardly any pure Tahitians are left. The half-caste element and the Chinese immigrants now divide the island between them. In the Gambier Islands the natives have dwindled to one-tenth of their former numbers, and here as elsewhere they have forgotten their traditions and their old way of life and are absorbing the European desire to make money. Instead of the clothing, diet and housing which the experience of countless generations had imposed on them as the most suitable, they have been compelled by their European masters to adopt the dress and habits of Europeans. Our missionaries have suppressed their games and pastimes, and our educational authorities have laboured to such purpose that the natives have lost all their old aptitudes, both practical and artistic, their sculpture, poetry and dancing, and their skill in navigation.

That European habits are bad for the Polynesians cannot be disputed. That Europe is in itself barren of all happiness is a conviction Gerbault holds so passionately that, whatever one may think of it as a general truth, one must accept it as the force which drove him across the world in his tiny sailing vessel. In this book he is chiefly concerned with his impressions of the Polynesians, and tells us little of his experiences in his boat. But we get a glimpse of them in his account of a stormy voyage across the Gulf Stream. "There is one thing that can never be forgotten, and that is the wind when it attains hurricane force, with its sinister howling and shrieking that resounds in an unearthly shrill twang on the steel stays and rigging. . . . One cannot stand and one has to crawl along the deck in order not to be blown away; once I even had my clothes torn to ribbons by the wind."

That he genuinely hates the fame his solitary voyage has brought him is clear from the whole tone of his book. He is happy only among the simple natives or among the outcasts of civilisation. In the Bermudas he made friends with a half-caste boy, whose only name was Cecil. Cecil admired his boat, the *Firecrest*, and Gerbault was touched by the boy's loneliness, and gave him some work to do on the *Firecrest*. In lighting a kerosene stove, Cecil burnt himself very badly. "I went to see him in hospital the next morning," Gerbault writes. "He had refused to see his mother, but he was happy to see me, for I was probably his only friend. I stayed by his bedside a long time, while he held my hand and gazed at me sadly." Cecil died, and Gerbault writes, in a passage which reveals his sensitive brooding nature, "I am like a disabled ship, for, having lost Faith, disdaining Hope, and believing only in Charity, there would be for me no greater loss of illusions than to create Evil where Good was intended."

Gerbault's temperament is often found among explorers and mountaineers, who recover in magnificent feats of courage and endurance the self-respect which their uneasiness in ordinary life has robbed them of. Gerbault speaks of his sad childhood, shut up in colleges. Eton was the paradise he dreamed of as a boy, with its river and playing fields, and even now he speaks of it as if it were an oasis of unintellectual abandon in the waste of European civilisation. If he had gone to Eton, or if he had been born a Tahitian, he might have discerned some merit in his native France, for he is a born Romantic, filled with a nostalgia for the unattained. The most charming page in his book tells of his first love, an English girl of fifteen, with whom at the same age he fell in love during a holiday by the sea. "Her complexion was of the delicate whiteness of a lily, her fair hair had the sheen of silver. . . . Across the vista of the years, however truly I have learned to love the beauty of the beings who have been reared beneath the tropical sun, she still remains to me the type of perfect beauty." He never dared to avow his love, but he now realises, he adds, that she made little advances to him, and gave him chances which he had not the wit to seize—a sentence which smacks somewhat of that Gallic outlook to escape from which Monsieur Gerbault has braved such stupendous perils.

BALI—ENCHANTED ISLE. By Helen Eva Yates. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

The authoress of this book is not the first to lose her heart to this island in the Java Sea beloved of Joseph Conrad and so familiarised to us by descriptive passages scattered all through his works. One gets the impression that the writer has tried to find out more about the island and its people than the spirit of the place would permit her. Her blandishments and her American thoroughness alike proved of no avail, and one feels that there may be something of a revenge hidden in a passage at the very end where she states that a fortnight is time enough for the visitor in Bali, that "idyllic isle of mystical people."

R. W.

A BROWNING AFTERMATH

By Arthur Waugh

Letters of Robert Browning.

Collected by Thomas J. Wise. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Thurman L. Hood. 18s. net. (Murray.)

"Nowadays all things appear in print sooner or later," as Matthew Arnold remarked in a memorable context; and it was no doubt inevitable that these long-hoarded letters of Robert Browning should fall at last into the public hand. To the specialist their existence has been well known. The bulk of them has been preserved in the incomparable collection of Mr. Thomas J. Wise, whose unfailing generosity to his fellow men of letters has rendered them continually available for responsible reference. Now at last, reinforced by various additions, they have been edited with an introduction and notes by the Dean of Trinity College, Yale. The introduction is informative and (in a dignified fashion) apologetic; the notes are copious and extremely helpful; the editorial work generally is self-respecting and sound. The question whether the ensuing publicity will or will not do a service to Browning's memory must be left to the decision of individual tastes. At any rate there is no occasion for excitable remonstrance. Most of the people referred to in the letters are long since dead; the ashes of old feuds grow grey and cold; and if in certain controversies the Victorian hero-worshipper feels that the sunlight of Browning's manly character is dimmed by passing shadows of pettiness and spite, he must content himself with the reflection that there are spots on every planet, finally absolving his hero in his hero's own phrase: "Did Browning? If so, the less Browning he." Meanwhile the essential magnanimity and otherworldliness that issue in "Prospice" and "Abt Vogler" are never long absent from any of the more intimate of these very intimate and revealing letters.

At intervals the correspondence covers the whole of Browning's literary life, the first letters having been written about 1830 and the last less than two months before his death; but by far the richest of the letters belong to his last thirty years, after the death of his wife. This is natural enough, since it was not till then that Browning became a fashion and a legend, so that his correspondents preserved every line he wrote; while he himself, who was always sensitively dependent upon understanding and sympathy, especially from the other sex, gave himself much more freely to his friends in writing, when he could no longer turn to the unfailing companion by his side.

Thus the most attractive letters in the volume are those addressed to Isa Blagden, with whom he exchanged news and comments every month at great length and with close confidence. There may be some triviality in these letters (why not indeed?), but there is a great deal more that shows Browning at his best—as a friend, as a father, and as a sincere and impassioned artist. It was in these years that he began to come into his own. Young Oxford was rallying to his standard; Dr. Furnivall was busy with the Browning Society; the poet would have been more than human if he had not felt gratified. Yet his pleasure in approbation is always worthy; it is only in his resentment of injustice that he is apt to do injustice to himself. Was it really worth while working oneself into such a rage with Alfred Austin? and as for the FitzGerald incident, it would be kinder to forget it altogether. It is a relief to turn from bitter phrases to the much more general and characteristic evidence, in which these letters abound, of a nature steeped in intuitive sympathy, in the love of love, the scorn of scorn, and its native loyalty to the highest consolations of baffled and aspiring humanity. There lies the true Browning of his own dreams and ambitions.



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Recent Fiction

THE NOVEL AND CONTEMPORARY CIVILISATION

By Norah Hoult

Farewell Victoria.

By T. H. White. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

Morning Pride.

By Halcott Glover. 7s. 6d. (Dent.)

The New Pleasure.

By John Gloag. 7s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

From a View to a Death.

By Anthony Powell. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

White Fire

By Mrs. Cyril Scott. 7s. 6d. (Martin Secker.)

Duet for a Trio.

By Rachel Swete Macnamara. 7s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)

It is significant that three out of these six novels, and those three the most important, are in effect a criticism of the age in which we live, a criticism of mechanisation and its works. Yet the three writers have little in common regarded as story tellers. Mr. White's vision approximates nearest to the sensitiveness of the artist; Mr. Halcott Glover is sociologist and rebel; and Mr. Gloag provides us with a pseudo-scientific romance describing the coming of a better and saner world.

Mr. White first. In and through the life of one simple man, born the son of a groom on one of the great Early Victorian estates, and dying eighty-three years later in a room in St. Leonards-on-Sea, he gives us pictures—often odd, unrelated pictures—of the transition from simplicity to multiplicity, or, as he himself puts it, “a sway from man to men.” It is not a tragic or depressing story that we read; nor, despite the dust cover, is it the equivalent in novel form to Noel Coward's “Cavalcade.” Mr. White is not essentially an historian, and this is a short though beautiful book. What we get is a picture first of Maunday among his horses and in the stables; then Maunday, deserted by his young wife, fighting the Zulus and taking a brave part in the battle of Isandula; later the ripe and dignified Maunday, coachman to a Russian countess over seven feet in height, and finally the old Maunday, happily married to the Countess's cook, plying one of the few remaining horse cabs in St. Leonards. From first to last he has managed to stay among the horses he loves, letting the rest of an increasingly freakish world go by. “He had left the country when livery was a sign, enjoyed as a voluntary distinction, like the ribbon of a teetotaller, or the king's medals, or the fasces in the buttonhole of a good Italian. He had been Sir William's man with almost the same fealty as his ancestors had been the Conqueror's. . . . He had no picture of unemployment in the country, of the estates sold in building plots which nobody bought. . . .”

Mr. Halcott Glover gives us Manchester and the cotton industry when the hopes of industrialism were high; when men made fortunes, and no one worried if a growing lad should work twelve or fourteen hours a day. “Bricks and mortar and smoke testified to vast business done, and half a country round about was hideous with prosperity. . . . Every public building was black with soot, every private household lived blessedly to the refrain of get on or get out.” With gusto and bitterness he tells the story of Jimmy Medlock who gives his youth and early manhood to the painful sweated affair of trying to be a good man of business; and, at the end, is sacked by his unusually clear-headed employer who thus makes him free of the servitude of the mass. It is a well built detailed story; too photographic perhaps to kindle, but sincere and virile work.

“The New Pleasure” is the taking of “Voe,” a remarkable powder which sniffed up the nostrils so increases the receptivity of the organ of smell that a bloodless revolution is caused. People who use “Voe” cannot bring themselves to bear the odours of gas and oil, so motor vehicles disappear to be replaced at first by horses and donkeys; they cannot sit in stuffy cinemas, so the cinema industry has to be reorganised; they cannot even herd together in vast crowds out of doors, so that the one supreme event of Derby Day is a failure; they even grow more fastidious as to individuals, so that the birth rate falls: young women do not throw themselves at young men, and vice versa. Best of all the Italian Government after long delay succumbs to the general habit, and the Italians “under the benign influence of ‘Voe,’ reverted to all their pleasant easygoing habits, and threw off the spurious efficiency which was as alien to their natures as Puritanism.”

Of course there is opposition from all the great trades, tobacco, textile and so on, which are affected by “Voe”; and the popular press and the popular preachers are vociferous, and very amusing, in their indignation. But in the end “Voe” wins and reorganises the whole of existence, sending people back to nature, expelling crime, and generally making the world a sweet-smelling and wholesome place in which to live. Moreover two hundred years after his death, the inventor, Frankby, is made a saint, replacing Saint Paul as a patron name for churches by order of the Pope, Melchior II, of the New York Vatican. Mr. Gloag has given us a delicious book whose satire is finely sustained.

Mr. Anthony Powell is an extremely individual writer, and therefore to be praised, if possible. His sophisticated artlessness presents people to us without malice, but with no trimmings of kindness; his mirror reflects social occasions with such apparent lucidity that the reflection is enjoyably disconcerting. But whereas his first novel, “Afternoon Men,” did in the final result imply a definite and valuable criticism of life as it is lived by modern half men and women, this book is not equally successful. The story is of one Zouch, a bearded painter, who endeavouring to live down his bohemian oats honourably courts the eligible daughter of the country house at which he is staying, less honourably makes love to another, and finally is thrown from a horse and killed. Much might be said within this simple frame, or little; in this instance it is little, for the reason that the bald has remained bald. Mr. Powell's methods have not worked, for though the manner is excellent inspiration of the spirit is lacking.

“White Fire” is a collection of stories and sketches which a pleasant sympathy or a sentimental irony makes readable enough. The most ambitious is the first in which a young man considers the stars and, to make a living, does horoscopes. One horoscope goes wrong, and with dire results, but finally it turns out that the fault, dear Brutus, is not in the stars.

There is one passage in Miss Macnamara's story which shows just how nicely heroines of the right sort can behave. It is after Jennifer has refused an eligible suitor, but nevertheless invited him to remain to dinner: “Conversation flowed throughout the meal with that artificial ease which well-bred people can always attain, no matter how awkward the situation.”

The heroine has refused this eligible admirer because she has met a painter who seems to be the image of her husband whom she had long believed to be dead. In the end it appears that . . . But one must not give the compelling solution away.

INDIA, ENGLAND, IRELAND

By Joanna Cannan

So Poor a Ghost.

By Edward Thompson. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

The Enchanted Village.

By Edward Shanks. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

Friend of the Family.

By Inez Holden. 7s. 6d. (Barker.)

Tropical Winter.

By Joseph Hergesheimer. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Love Among the Haystacks.

By D. H. Lawrence. 7s. 6d. (Martin Secker.)

A Nest of Simple Folk.

By Seán O'Faoláin. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

Mr. Thompson's new novel is not easy reading. Philip Rattray, an earnest-minded man, whose liberal opinions have earned him the disapproval of the Anglo-Indian authorities, returns after several years to India to take up the position of Minister of Education in a native state, at the invitation of its Oxford-bred Maharana; he meets an old flame of his, now the wife of the Resident; intimidated by Authority, the Maharana withdraws from his contract; Philip receives from the Resident's wife an unimpassioned *congé*; and returns home. The story is in fact little more than a peg on which is hung a wealth of information—lovely Indian legends, Indian history, a comprehensive description of Central India as she is to-day. One feels that the novel—or the ephemeral thing we make of it—is scarcely Mr. Thompson's medium; here is too fine a scholarship, too rare a knowledge, too weighty an argument. Nor has Mr. Thompson the novelist's necessary humanity: he cannot suffer fools. It is with contempt, not with understanding, that he gives us the General, who talks of "jolly good shootin'" and "writer fellows," a Resident who talks of "decent fellows" and "bolshy rags"; his views, social and political, swamp his story; Philip is his mouthpiece; the General points the argument; Tom and Enid represent the note of hope; and one does not think of these people: one thinks imperially all the time.

Given a heat-wave, a village called East Marriner, which lies between the downs and the marshes, and a community of Londonish people self-consciously inhabiting quaint houses in the village, a great deal can happen between tea-time on Saturday and Sunday lunch. Mr. Shanks begins his story at the end of a cricket match between the villagers and an eleven from London; the match is followed by a display of fireworks and a dance in a barn. The heat and the *genius loci* go to the heads of the Londoners; a young man proposes marriage to a woman on whom he has not set eyes until to-night. Mr. Shanks has a pleasant gift for writing convincing dialogue; his young people are amusing and very real; the book is neat and gay; the style is faultless; if Mr. Shanks does not go very deep it is probably because he does not mean to, but is content to have us light-hearted spectators to the end.

Miss Holden's book is also concerned with Londonish people in the country; it is equally neat but not half so gay. She studies meticulously the relationship of four people—a drunken artist, his wife, their woman friend and Hugo Bernard, a successful novelist, who becomes "the friend of the family." Despite an irritating misuse of inverted commas, she writes with care and competence, and it seems a pity that so much trouble and talent should

be wasted in exploring the minds of such unlikely creatures. Hugo, with his inconsequent proposals of marriage, his insanely unstable moods, his ability to forget that his host has hit him on the head with a brandy bottle, is impossible enough, and it is little wonder that even to himself he seems "unreal"; but Olivia is frankly impossible; it is extraordinarily difficult to feel the smallest interest in the fate, however startling, of characters so patently unreal. Miss Holden must get nearer to life as it is generally lived; must realise that most of us are comparatively sane, that few of us, even after dinner, talk like this: "Besides admitting the capacity for work, one needs also the character and peace of mind, and one is always being obsessed by finance, by ill-health or by unhappy love"; finally that, although the hero is admittedly out of fashion, it is a sorry business to read of people without honour, conscience or sense.

Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer also writes of unpleasant people, but in contrast how they live, the vulgarities who throng these ten hasty, humorous, vivid stories of Palm Beach. To the English mind, almost incredible is the snobbishness of this section of American society; quite incredible this American worship and this American misuse of wealth; the cinema has prepared us for the ostentatious luxury of these Palm Beach houses, but not altogether for the extraordinary degradation of their owners—a degradation brought about by money, in the possession of which they can neither keep their heads nor save their souls alive. Mr. Hergesheimer knows them for what they are, reveals them quite ruthlessly, but he does not forget that they are human and pitiful, and in consequence you will tremble for the success of Clara Clegg's little dinner to Mrs. K. B. Leveredge, whereas the roof might have fallen on Miss Holden's characters for all that you would have cared. Everyone who is interested in the tragedy of modern manners should read "Tropical Winter." I found it desperately interesting.

Under the title of "Love Among the Haystacks," a novelette, a short story and two autobiographical sketches, which Lawrence intended for magazine publication, have been gathered together and prefaced by a sensitive reminiscence by Mr. David Garnett. The story which gives its name to the volume has for its background the hayfields of the English Midlands; the two sketches describe wanderings in the Austrian Tyrol; here we find Lawrence in his gentlest and most charming mood; enchanted, we follow him up the mountain paths between the flowers to the chapel hung with votive offerings, and on to the wet night in the hay hut in the meadows. The blessed simplicity of both style and subject is intensely refreshing, and I would recommend this little book particularly to those who are prejudiced against Lawrence.

"A Nest of Simple Folk" is the story of an Irish family living in the plain of the Shannon. Mr. Seán O'Faoláin describes very vividly the small, squalid farm where Leo O'Donnell was bred, and the genteel decay of the big house where his aunts vainly tried to make him a gentleman. Leo's wild youth, his adventures as a Fenian and his long antagonism to the unattractive "peeler," Jonnie Hussay, are full of life and interest. Mr. Seán O'Faoláin writes well, has an extraordinary richness of imagination; politics are here (or it would not be Ireland), but he keeps them in their place and does not for one moment allow his own views to lessen the strong illusion of reality. This is a very sound novel, in which the Irish character is portrayed without sentiment; it should not be missed by those who are aware of the good work which is coming to us from Ireland, or by those who are in any way interested in the distressful country of yesterday and to-day.

ABOMINABLE DEEDS

By Marcus Magill

Four Days' Wonder.

By A. A. Milne. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

The Prisoners in the Wall.

By Garnett Radcliffe. 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

The Manuscript Murder.

By Lewis Robinson. 7s. 6d. (Barker.)

Alias—The Crimson Snake.

By T. Arthur Plummer. 7s. 6d. (Stanley Paul.)

Mist on the Saltings.

By Henry Wade. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

Night in Glengyle.

By John Ferguson. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

Death Fugue.

By Paul McGuire. 7s. 6d. (Skeffington.)

Mr. Clerihew, Wine Merchant.

By H. Warner Allen. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

My Best Thriller :An Anthology of Stories chosen by their own authors.
7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

"Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly,"

boasted Aaron, the Moor, in Shakespeare's bloodiest tragedy. He would have been a popular figure to-day, when readers dote on hearing "talk of murders, acts of black night, abominable deeds, plots of mischief, treason, villainies" and the rest of the ingredients of the modern thriller. They certainly rise from the perusal of such tales with no more stirring of their sensibilities than would be occasioned by the sight of an insect's sudden taking off or the slam of the front door.

No wonder that the authors who cater for this public are tempted to pack as many incidents into three hundred pages as should suffice for a dozen plots. If we cannot thrill our readers, they seem to say, let us see what sheer violence of invention can do. Mr. Ferguson for instance shows us an enormous negro, armed with an assegai, pursuing the hero across a roof; Mr. Radcliffe relies on the ferocious ape *motif*; Mr. Plummer's villain has an india-rubber face; Mr. McGuire seats his corpse at an organ in an empty house.

But what, you will ask, is Mr. A. A. Milne doing in this Black Museum of Crime? Surely he has not passed from "when we were six" to that awkward age when the weekly pocket-money is squandered on penny dreadfuls—read secretly in bed after "lights-out"?

Mr. Milne's public can breathe again. There is no crime in "Four Days' Wonder," although there are a body, an inquest and a hue-and-cry. But it is all make-believe. Eighteen-year-old Jenny, taking to the country-side in the disguise of a hiker to escape a charge for murder, is an enchanted princess; the artist who arrives opportunely to rescue her, a prince in disguise. Even the policemen, led by an inspector with the appropriate name of Marigold, are elves and their handcuffs daisy-chains. This is the very fairyland of crime depicted in Mr. Milne's most whimsical style—when we were romantic eighteen in fact.

Now to sterner business. Mix together a fabulous necklace, a secret room, a lovely dancer (heroine), an ex-officer (hero), a few convicts from Devil's Island and Chinamen to taste. Stir in a number of gunmen, decorate with Dr. Mittros (the terrible king of the underworld), and serve up in a lonely mansion used as a smart gambling hell. That is Mr. Garnett Radcliffe's recipe and a rich dish he makes out of it. But it was lucky for Amore and Jim Vereker that Dr. Mittros, in spite of the success of his gigantic hold-ups in London, was mad—so mad that he liked to keep his prisoners in suspense while he devised lingering tortures for them. Otherwise the book could not end as it does—with Amore in Jim's arms, and Mittros in quite another embrace provided by his pet ape. Tortoises are the safest pets.

"The Manuscript Murder" is the story of four soldiers who meet again on the wedding eve of one of their number.

Joseph Marks has exchanged the Sam Browne for the type-writer, and has an enviable reputation as a detective-story writer. It is natural that he should display some interest when Colonel Sir Oscar Horton is murdered a few hours after his wedding to a lady with a past. Marks's reconstruction of the crime is written in narrative form, and based on the conclusions he draws from his knowledge of Lady Horton and his two friends. It is a tangled story of love, jealousy and hate dating back to the days when all four men were at an army crammer's. How nearly he hits the truth is disclosed in the last few pages of this interesting book. Mr. Robinson has accomplished that difficult feat of giving a new twist to an old theme.

It must be unpleasant to meet a case of dual personality. At one moment Inspector Holent was the debonair Scotland Yard detective—at the next a loathsome murderer in command of a formidable gang. It happened almost while he talked to you. "His features were distorted. The eyes were horrible. The face was lined and bestial." You recognised him at once as the "Crimson Snake," the arch-criminal whom he himself had sworn to bring to justice. But all his devilish cunning could not disturb Jim Stuart, once that imperturbable young man took a hand in the chase. It ended as one would expect after a sufficiency of excitements. Mr. Plummer writes graphically and has an ingenious invention, but the book left me wondering what time the "Crimson Snake" got for rest. It can be no joke sleuthing all day and carrying out criminal exploits half the night.

Perhaps it is because Mr. Wade has kept such a high level in the past that I closed "Mist on the Saltings" with a sense of disappointment. I have every sympathy with the author's postponement of the murder to give himself time to develop his characters, but the chief persons in this book never got beyond the puppet stage. The impoverished artist, his gaiety-starved (but essentially pure) wife, the rich novelist seducer—we have met them all before, and I am afraid that I found them very unconvincing. Once the murder is reached the author resumes his crispness of touch. At police investigations he is on ground which he has made his own. But the *dénouement* discloses that Mr. Wade has hardly played fair with the reader. Who laid Dallas Fiennes dead among the mud-holes on the lonely marshes at Bryde-on-the-Sea is a problem without an answer—until the author shakes the cards out of his sleeve.

"Night in Glengyle" introduces us to Alec Maitland, an actor down on his luck and for the moment a secret service agent. His job is to follow certain suspicious characters to a house-party in Scotland, and to obtain possession of important papers held by one of them. Unfortunately for his peace of mind he becomes mixed up in a murder before he gets started, and finds the police on his track. Nevertheless he reaches Glengyle and, disguised as a footman, succeeds in his object. But there are difficulties and dangers to surmount first, chief among which is Bantok, a huge and repulsive negro with a penchant for digging graves for those he dislikes. The story ends at Scotland Yard with an unexpected disclosure of the real criminal.

Caught in a storm on a Devon walking tour, Hugh Thompson finds shelter in an empty but furnished mansion, and an eerie night he spends. Doors lock and unlock themselves, strange music plays, feet are heard shuffling along the corridors, and what appear to be ghosts manifest themselves. To cap all, he finds a warm but rigid corpse seated at the organ with a knife in the back. Inspector Fillinger is soon on the scene and, aided by a queer author who lives in the vicinity, he proceeds to investigate. Another body is discovered, the reason why a newly-killed man was held up by rigor mortis is explained, and after the finger of suspicion has hovered over a number of the characters it points directly at the murderer. "Death Fugue" is an excellent thriller, weakened only by some unnecessary melodrama in the final chapters.

"Mr. Clerihew, Wine Merchant" is a novel and most

attractive addition to the modern d'Artagnans of adventure. He may sell, to those rich enough to buy them, vintage wines whose very names are poetry, but danger has only to beckon and off goes Mr. Clerihew, leaving the care of his shop to his nephew. Naturally wine plays an important part in this story, and Mr. Clerihew's expert knowledge and equally expert palate assist him in thwarting his Bolshevik opponents. For it is a revolutionary plot, centred round that famous jewel, "The Luck of Lusitania," into which Mr. Clerihew plunges. Through a maze of theft, murder and abduction he pursues his way, and ends by winning a woman in a thousand—for Ariadne is not only beautiful; she prefers a good claret to champagne every time. Lucky Mr. Clerihew!

What can I say about "My Best Thriller"? I could catalogue the twenty-six authors' names, or give you a summary of their twenty-six stories, which range from murder to the supernatural. But I will do neither. It is enough to say that these names "make news"; each of them has a large and enthusiastic following. The stories have been chosen by the authors themselves, and if you do not like one you can be certain of liking the next. Get the book and see for yourself.

MR. FORD MADOX FORD

The Rash Act.

By Ford Madox Ford. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

It must be sadly admitted that Mr. Ford Madox Ford has again disappointed his admirers. Something seems to go wrong with his books nowadays. They begin magnificently, and for a couple of hundred pages you read on ecstatically, thrilled by the feeling that Mr. Ford is back in his old form again. But the feeling does not last, and before the end of the book a certain confusion takes the place of that clear delineation which all lovers of "The Good Soldier" expect from Mr. Ford. That is what happens in "The Rash Act," and for that reason it cannot be ranked among the author's greatest works.

In spite of its weak ending the book has a great deal of admirable material, presented with all Mr. Ford's accustomed verve. The reverie of Henry Martin Aluin Smith, as he contemplates the rash act of suicide, enables the author to give one of his ingenious retrospects, in which the life and character of a young American, who was once wealthy and is now penniless, are subtly revealed. Henry Martin, as Mr. Ford calls him, is intending to drown himself in the Mediterranean, but chance prevents him, and while he is recovering from injuries received in a gale he is mistaken for a rich young Englishman, whose initials and surname are the same as his own. The Englishman has actually committed suicide on that day, and as the two young men were of rather similar appearance, Henry Martin is able to begin a new life under a new name. It is here that the book breaks down, and the final chapters, which deal with the convalescence under the care of two French girls, are an anti-climax after the earlier excitements.

It should not be imagined however that "The Rash Act" is a negligible book. The improbabilities of the story are neatly handled, and the retrospect of Henry Martin's life and love affairs gives a valuable picture of contemporary life in the United States and elsewhere. The characters are drawn in a series of brilliant flashes which bring them perfectly to life, and it is a great pity that Mr. Ford's sense of form, which was once so admirable, has just failed him when he was on the point of producing a really brilliant book.

EDGAR HOLT.

ILLUSTRATION

Modern Illustration Processes.

By Charles W. Gamble. 12s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

To anyone who judges printing by its results it is a short jump from Gutenberg's Bible to any book of to-day. Indeed there were many volumes produced in the fifteenth century which for quality of setting and presswork are superior to anything of which we can boast. The printer knows that technical equipment has made a long advance, that the methods, if not the effects, of production are now incomparably superior. But from the reader's point of view there is little to choose between the type pages of Aldus or Etienne and the work of any modern press.

It is quite a different matter with the reproduction of illustrations. While in the former case mechanical progress has only improved the means and speed of production, in the latter it has also enhanced the range and the results. The woodcut which we find in the earliest books was an obvious concomitant of the invention of printing from types; in fact it preceded and may be said to have inspired it. But the limitations of a woodcut are obvious. Engraving on copper followed, and with it the scope of illustration was greatly enlarged, but still it is a long cry to the real sympathy of collotype and the three-colour half-tone block. We owe the unbounded possibilities of all the modern processes to the invention of photo-engraving, in which Niepcé and Daguerre gave the lead at the beginning of the last century. In the hundred years which have followed their pioneer work all manner of improvements have been made, and the coming years will see many more.

In this new book of his Mr. Gamble does not concern himself with the history of illustration processes, for such a study would need a volume by itself. His object is to describe their present practice, which he does in a way which must prove interesting to the amateur as well as helpful and instructive to the professional. The various media are analysed minutely: their preparation is discussed and the method of reproduction in each case is elaborately described with the aid of photos and diagrams. The author also compares their accuracy and fitness, and deals comprehensively with the reproduction of colour.

Printing surfaces are of three kinds—relief, plane and intaglio. The first category comprises the elementary woodcut as well as the mechanically etched zinc block and half-tone. Because it can be printed with type, this method is still the most commonly used: we meet it every day in newspapers, books, magazines and handbills. Plane or surface printing is found in lithograph, collotype and offset, and its use extends as its methods become continually more perfect and less expensive. Intaglio, that is printing from the sunk parts of a flat surface, is the finest and most prized of all three media, and the invention of rotary photogravure has assured it a far wider use than has been economically possible before.

The mechanical advances of modern illustration processes have had, and will have, an effect far beyond their immediate potentialities. The illustrated daily was scarcely dreamed of fifty years ago. For centuries illustration was the satellite of type, sternly repressed in spite of extravagant outbursts now and then. As in the early sixteenth century, when a lavishness of engraving and decoration was the *sine qua non* of a successful book. But now the perspective has changed and more and more we see type subjected to illustration. Hoardings and advertising columns are the most patent witnesses of this movement. The modern temperament, impatient and superficial, is more quickly and so more effectively moved by visual presentation than by logical analysis. The study of illustration processes therefore is of topical importance, and to the comprehension of their mysteries Mr. Gamble's book makes a lucid introduction.

E. A. CRUTCHLEY.

THE CHRISTIAN TRAIL

By Gilbert Thomas

How Can I Find God?

By Leslie D. Weatherhead. 3s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Heart of the Bible. Vol. II: The Literature of the Jewish People.

By Jeannie B. Thompson Davies. 5s. (Allen & Unwin.)

The Romance of Missionary Pioneers.

By Norman J. Davidson. 6s. (Seeley, Service.)

These three books have little in common beyond their fundamental concern with the blazing of a Christian trail through the world. They reflect three distinctive facets of a many-sided problem.

Mr. Weatherhead, whose volume appears in the excellent new series of manuals called "The Westminster Books," is never lacking in audacity; but even he is vividly conscious of inevitable failure to deal adequately with the vast theme implicit in the title prescribed for him. He fittingly begins by quoting the wistful cry that has echoed down the ages: "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!" Man cannot by searching—or by reading a textbook—find out God. Mr. Weatherhead indeed holds that the title should be reversed. How can God find man? That is his angle of approach. He insists that complete surrender of the ego to the Divine love and will is the inexorable prerequisite of vital spiritual life, and perhaps his most valuable chapters are those in which he analyses the various motives or "complexes"—whether of pure selfishness, of self-delusion or of misapplied earnestness—which form the sluice-gates between the backwater and the great river outside. The writer's psychological training and experience help him considerably in this negative though essential part of his task.

His positive suggestions are necessarily more vague, and become almost lost at times in mists of evangelical rhetoric

or in criticism—bold and pertinent enough in its way—of obsolete ideas and methods in the Anglican and Free Churches. Mr. Weatherhead nevertheless makes many good isolated points, which individual readers may find useful, and his work is salted as usual with apt illustration and anecdote. His references to the Group Movement however make me wonder if even Mr. Weatherhead, despite his stressing the need for a self-surrender that is "surgical" in completeness, always realises the full spiritual implications of his own clear intellectual diagnosis. That, though it must be recorded, is merely a personal impression.

Miss Davies's volume is the second instalment of a trilogy which, when completed, will offer a reapproachment to the Bible on novel but sound and scholarly lines. Her aim is to present the writings in the Bible in the approximate order in which they came into being. Her work will form an anthology of essential passages from Scripture itself, embedded in an historical and interpretative commentary. The work—which is remarkably well produced for the price asked—should certainly help many readers to a better proportioned and more vital conception of the evolution of Christianity from its earliest foreshadowings to the rise of the Early Church and the subsequent publication of the Gospels.

Christianity in one of its more dramatic phases of action is Mr. Davidson's theme. His volume is a sequel to Mr. J. C. Lambert's "Romance of Missionary Heroism," which has, we are told, been one of the best-sellers in the publishers' well known "Library of Romance." Written in vivid, popular style, and presenting in turn almost every corner of the non-Christian world as the background for typical stories of missionary enterprise and courage, the book should make a wide appeal to adolescents and to the not too sophisticated young of all ages.

The Bookman's Table

EIGHT NEW ONE-ACT PLAYS OF 1933. Edited by John Bourne. 3s. 6d. (Lovat Dickson.)

If I interpret Mr. John Bourne aright, his two main objects in compiling this book have been originality and variety. How far these objects are enough in themselves may be questioned; but they are tolerably achieved, for what they are worth. Consider the book's contents:

"The Quaker's 'Cello," by Clifford Bax: a rather vapid little study in self-abnegation, whose climax seems to me to misfire. "The Last Rib," by Cyril Roberts: a hoax played by a scientist on two worldlings, whom he persuades that the earth's female population has been diminished to one; the theme is promising, but the working-out inconclusive. "Symphonie Pathétique," by Sydney Box: impressionistic; the reaction of a roomful of eaters to music, contrasted with some bickerings among the musicians themselves. "An Assyrian Afternoon," by F. Sladen-Smith: small-talk inspired by Noah's embarkation and an imminent break in the weather. "The Wisdom Tooth," by Arthur Thrush: hallucinations of a nervous gentleman, during a touch-and-go experience at the dentist's; the best so far; the author has something to say, though he says it obscurely.

The two next plays are of a different quality: more slickly effective (or, as I suspect the highbrows would put it, "more cheaply conventional"). "Queen Dick," by F. A. Hepworth and A. Tresidder Sheppard, is a clear, vivid little sketch of Richard Cromwell the Protector. "In Our Stars," by Dorothy Coates, a fugue on the artistic-temperament theme. There is less preciousness about these, and their folks are proportionately more alive and convincing. The series ends with "Puck's Good Deed for the Day," a Shakespearean pleasantry by the editor.

I have tried to do justice, within limits of space, to the achievement of the editor's twin aims, as aforesaid. But

I still doubt the power of these plays to grip audiences—even highbrow audiences. A play's first duty is to "get over the footlights"; it may be written for a stage too intellectual to have footlights, but the principles still apply. And here these eight break down. They are experiments in form, and as such worth reading; but he would be a bold producer who should back himself, with no solid fare, to keep his audiences from the lemonade-buffet.

GRAHAM SUTTON.

LOOKING BACK ON LIFE. By George Robey. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

This pleasant book has some such twofold operation as Falstaff attributes to sack. Its first effect is of a tonic surprise that your professional jester should, outside his own trade, enjoy a list of personal enthusiasms which range from cricket to violin-making. Its second effect (which many more pretentious autobiographies have not compassed) is to assure you of the authenticity of the portrait. The Robey here presented is all of a piece—whether shown bluffing his way into notoriety as a youth, or building up his own distinctive technique, or sentimentalising in the manner of actors, or playing practical jokes, or doing his bit in the War. It is a portrait in the round: diversified by unexpected touches, but in its total gesture convincing.

This being so, it follows that Mr. Robey is at his best when most personal. When he diverges into generalities, or recapitulates bygone "shows," he sometimes risks dullness. Yet his considered verdict on vulgarity commands interest; and his whole-hearted championship of the old "tuneful" songs (to which he constantly returns) should breed him arguments enough to provoke a fresh book.

G. S.

ELIZABETHAN SCHOOLDAYS. By J. Howard Brown. 5s. net. (B. Blackwell.)

Mr. Howard Brown has avowedly set out with the object of providing a book suitable for university students and those carrying out research work in the history of education. It seems a pity that he did not aspire to a wider public, for his material is interesting and amusing enough to command a larger circle of readers than those whose main interest (whether temporarily enforced or chronically permanent) in life is the history of pedagogy.

If he had been writing for the more general reader the author would perhaps have made some attempt to recapture the atmosphere of those far-away class-rooms he obviously knows so much about. As it is, the book is a concise recital of facts, figures and quotations admirably set out under every conceivable heading from the qualifications of masters to school furniture, from salaries to teaching methods, from curricula to class-room crimes. Apart from a brief section at the end of the book devoted to a day's work there is no attempt at imaginative reconstruction.

I should like to have found created for me some pictures of the Elizabethan schoolboy trailing through summer-scented lanes with his satchel on his back, the rough and tumble of street fights, the knuckled eyes and covert yawns of six o'clock morning prayers, and the dim school-room on a candle-lit winter's dusk, with the master's great desk dominating the long rows of wooden benches where sat the Brown majors and minors of the sixteenth century ostensibly driving their quill pens and poring over their well-thumbed paper-covered textbooks.

It is worthy of notice that the latter were easily the best-sellers of the time, and the author quotes several cases in which ten thousand copies of a particular catechism or grammar were printed. This in spite of the fact that books were considerably dearer than they are to-day.

One lays down the book with the impression that apart from differences in curriculum, salaries and hours, three hundred years have seen very few changes in school life. Boy-nature, master-nature, and school meals are the same as they were in the beginning and will, presumably, be to the end.

GRANT UDEN.

STILL MORE MISLEADING CASES. By A. P. Herbert. 5s. (Methuen.)

Mr. A. P. Herbert is a writer of great ability who has achieved distinction in several widely different fields, ranging in prose from the trivialities of "Topsy" to the profundities of "The Secret Battle."

In "Still More Misleading Cases" he again attacks a number of injustices still sanctioned by law. Some of them are of a slight but irritating character, and to demolish these he wields a pretty bladder. But where the anomalies of our law cause deep human suffering he uses the lance of a satirist trained in the law. His case against the present state of the divorce laws, for example, seems unanswerable if judged by any reputable ethical or moral standards whatsoever, and he communicates his own righteous indignation to the reader without overstatement or cheap cynicism. He also exposes the anomalies of our licensing laws, the activities of police *agents-provocateurs*, the vagaries of coroners and of juries, the stupidity of the Man Servant Tax, and "attacks the trenches of Tradition" in many other sectors as well. Once more he reports the Test Cases brought before the courts by Haddock the dauntless. And it is always good fresh Haddock rather than the red herring of a legal wit merely out to score points. Points there are in abundance—"nice points," "charming points," and "thoroughly lovable points" which must earn the jurist's approbation. But it is to the makers of laws and those who elect them to office that the book is mainly addressed. Readers might therefore send their copies to their private members and make sure at election meetings that the candidates are sound on "Haddock." This is, in fact, a book which every candidate for election should be compelled to study or forfeit his deposit.

GILES DUGDALE.

THE LORD FISH. By Walter de la Mare. 10s. 6d. (Faber.)

"What I mean, my dear, is that a story ought really to be like a piece of music. It should have a beginning and a middle and an end. . . . This one, you see, this one I am telling you, begins—and then goes off into nothing."

Thus an old man in "Hodmadod"—one of the seven stories that comprise this book—to his small niece. And it may well be said that all these stories, in their way, are indeed like pieces of music. Most of them have a beginning, middle and end, but a couple of them certainly "go off into nothing"—into really a significant silence. Here are the hallowed figures of tradition: fairies, giants, dwarfs with their castles, cottages and appurtenances of magic. And here also the figures that people all Mr. de la Mare's writings: his old men and women—quaint, queer, eccentric, lovable beings, and his little boys and girls—demure, sensitive, out of the ordinary; quaint and rather queer too.

Daringly perhaps Jack's famous beanstalk makes a reappearance; but in no sense is "Dick and the Beanstalk" a challenge to the older tale; it is a delightful sequel. Perhaps the most completely satisfying of the stories is "The Jacket"; it is in Mr. de la Mare's best vein. Nor is its moral far to seek—for such as must seek such dubious things. . . . Fine touches abound in one and all of the tales; the apt word, the perfect image; the poet's observation and intuitive knowledge—passing on from the seen to the unseen—alert and alive on every page. This new collection marks the author's return to a simpler, more lucid, more joyous mode; touch of the morbid and the horrific is entirely lacking. Yes, these stories are truly like "pieces of music": light, gay and happy: in brief, Mozartian stories.

VERNON KNOWLES.

Competitions for November

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing name and address of sender) must be received by the Editor not later than December 12th. A competitor may enter for all the Competitions, but must cut out the coupon and send this with each answer or group of answers, and address envelope:

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

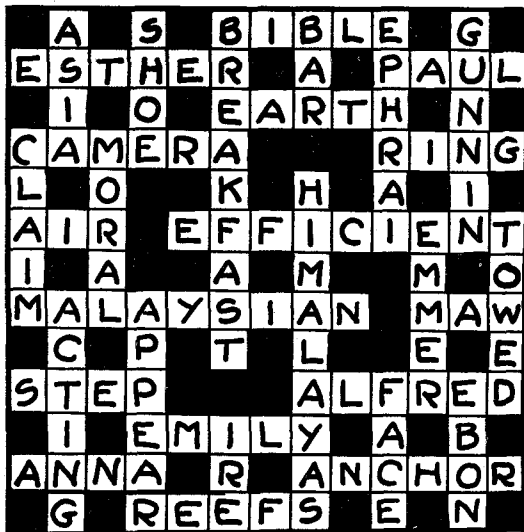
Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS., as the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

The Editor regrets to state that owing to a fire on THE BOOKMAN premises, the entries for the September Competitions have been destroyed. The prizes for this month will therefore be doubled and are as follows:

- I.—TWO GUINEAS for a sonnet on Autumn.
- II.—ONE GUINEA for the best defence of intolerance in not more than two hundred and fifty words.
- III.—ONE GUINEA for the best review of any book published since September 1st, 1933, in not more than one hundred words.
- IV.—THREE NEW BOOKS will be given for the best quotation from English poetry in the seventeenth century applicable to any book advertised in this number.
- V.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for a competition.

"THE BOOKMAN" CROSSWORD No. 37

Solution to Crossword XXXV



THE DARKENING DAYS

BY "PROCRUSTES"

A guinea will be sent to the sender of a correct solution who supplies the best clue to No. 40 across.

CLUES ACROSS:

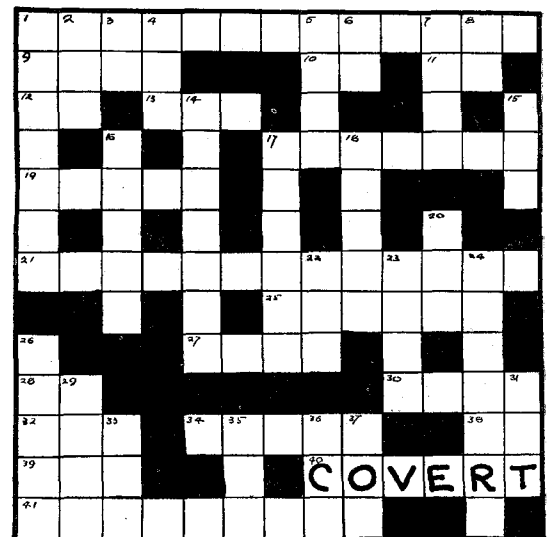
1. "Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue . . . where he lay,
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams."
—(SHELLEY.)
9. "Away! the moor is dark beneath the moon,
Rapid clouds have drunk the last pale beam of . . ."
—(SHELLEY.)
10. Verb.
11. Behead 2 down.
12. "Il n'est . . . vulgaire chagrin
Que celui d'une âme vulgaire."
—(DE MUSSET, *La Nuit d'Octobre*.)
13. "Doth thine heart beat at my sole name away?
Still dost thou see my soul in visions? . . ."
—(ERNEST DOWSON, after VERLAINE.)
17. "I wheeled about,
Proud and exulting like an . . . horse
That cares not for his home.—All shod with steel
We hissed (19 across) the polished (36 down)."
—(WORDSWORTH.)
19. See 17 across.
21. "At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs
Along the . . . fields of corn."
—(THOMSON'S *Autumn*.)
25. She said:
"Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
Close, close to thine in that quick-falling dew
Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn rains
Flash in the pools of whirling Simois."
27. ". . . were but the winter cold,
And . . . were but the snow,
I could sleep in the wild woods
Where primroses blow."
—(ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.)
28. Half of 30 across.
30. "And still the darkness . . . about your bed.
Quiet, and strange, and loving-kind, you sleep."
—(RUPERT BROOKE.)
32. To be drunk "in a Saxon rumkin," "when as the chill
Charokko blows."
34. "Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With . . . the vines that round the thatch-eaves run."
—(KEATS.)
38. Diphthong.
39. "The keen white-winged north-easter
That stings and spurs thy . . .
Doth yet but feed and (26 down) her
With glowing sense of glee."
41. "In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley Wood,
Where most the Gipsies by the . . . way
Pitch their smoked tents."
—(MATTHEW ARNOLD.)

CLUES DOWN:

1. "In *October*, and the beginning of *November*, come Services,
. . . Bullises; Roses cut or removed to come late,
Hollyokes, and such like."
—(FRANCIS BACON.)
2. St. Agnes' was bitter chill.
3. Same as 12 across.
4. "The autumn road, the mellow wind
That soothes the darkening shires,
And laughter, and . . . fires."
—(RUPERT BROOKE.)

5. "The chill . . . is falling, the nipped worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
For the Year."
—(SHELLEY.)
6. Same as 10 across.
7. "And grief shall endure not for . . . I know.
As things that are not shall these things be;
We shall live through seasons of sun and of snow,
And none be grievous as this to me."
—(SWINBURNE.)
8. Author of:
"The cold white wind blows over
Bent tree, bare heath and stones:
Through a hide lean and tattered
The earth juts up her bones."
14. A Compleat authority says that for this the same flies
should be used in November as in February.
15. Keats wrote one to the season.
16. "The brown waves of fog toss up to me
Twisted faces from the bottom of the street,
And tear from a passer-by with muddy skirts
An aimless smile that hovers in the air
And vanishes along the level of the . . ."
—(T. S. ELIOT.)
17. "The gale, it plies the saplings double,
It blows so hard, 'twill soon be gone:
To-day the Roman and his trouble
Are ashes under . . ."
—(A. E. HOUSMAN.)
18. "While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking . . .
And rudely rends thy robes."
—(COLLINS.)
20. "Where the dead red leaves of the years lie rotten,
The cold old crimes and the deeds thrown by,
The misconceived and the misbegotten,
I would find a . . . to do ere I die."
—(SWINBURNE.)
22. Surname of her to chill whom "a wind blew out of a cloud."
23. "That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or . . . or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold."
—(SHAKESPEARE.)
24. "I watched sweet lands where Autumn light . . .
Swayed through the trees and lingered on the hill."
—(FLECKER.)
26. See 39 across.
29. "Qu'il était . . . le ciel, et grand l'espoir!
—L'espoir a fui, vaincu, vers le ciel noir."
—(VERLAINE.)
31. "The water-blooms under the rivulet
Fell from the stalks on which they were . . .;
And the eddies drove them here and there,
As the winds did those of the upper air."
—(SHELLEY.)
33. "I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow . . . from woods forlorn."
—(HOOD.)
35. "To-night the winds begin to rise
And roar from yonder dropping day:
The last . . . leaf is whirled away,
The rooks are blown about the skies."
—(TENNYSON.)
36. See 17 across.
37. "When the ivy . . . is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."
—(COLERIDGE.)

Crossword No. 37



COUPON for NOVEMBER, 1933



*A reproduction in colour gravure of the wrapper design for
"THE LAND OF THE RAINBOW."
By VIOLET MASON
(Hodder & Stoughton).*